SPY

February 1992 Volume 6

A WISEGUY IN HOLLYWOOD

GoodFellas, the Sequel

A SPY Prank

EVEN NEO-NAZIS NEED P.R.

ROCK 'N' ROLL HALL OF SHAME

WAYNE'S WORLD!

by Lisa Birnbach

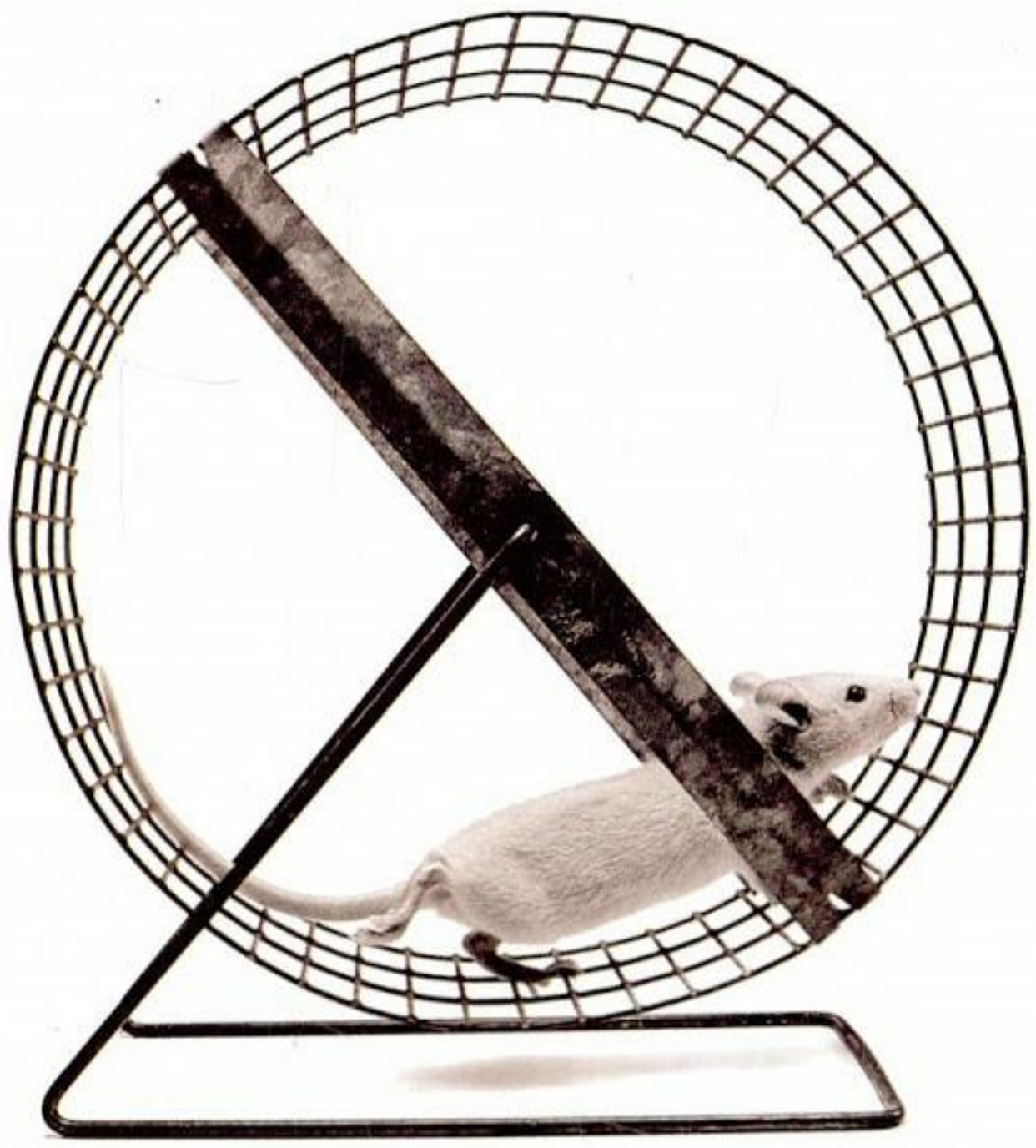
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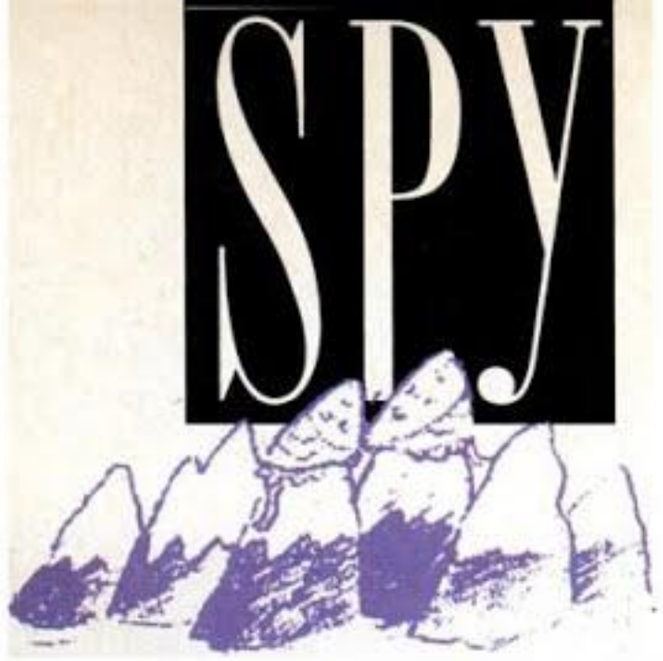
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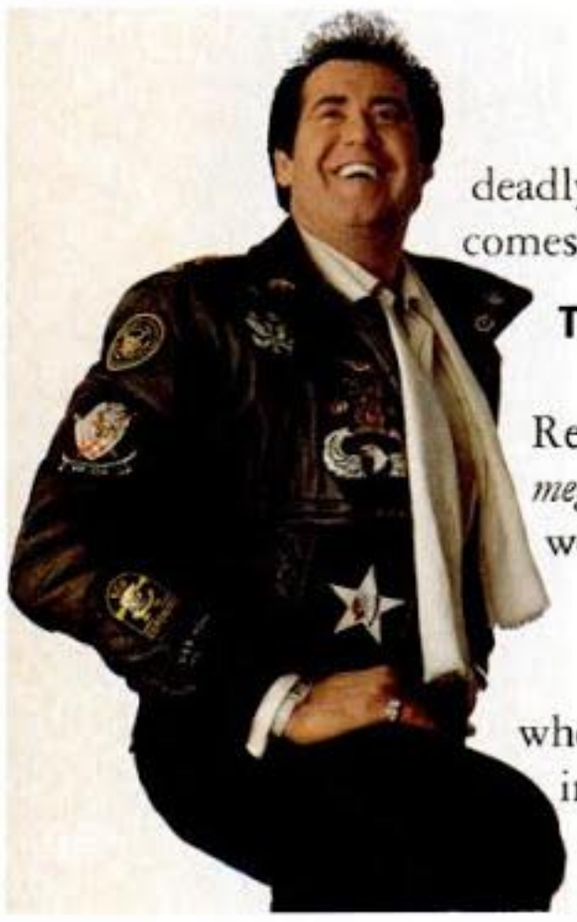
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▶ Michael Jackson unnerves his publicist but nets a date with Brooke Shields, the Boss mumbles, and the president cracks wise. Bill Clinton shuts up (and insults readers of satirical monthlies); Joe Biden doesn't. Our Grand Tetons—*wipe that smirk of your face, mister*—prank. Oreo-eating Nobelists. And our nominees for the hot new nineties bands 24

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MARY BILLARD, who in this issue documents the post-*GoodFellas* life of Henry Hill, can pass as an expert on organized crime: She has written twice about the Italian Mafia and once about Chinese tongs. "I feel like Al Pacino," she says. "*They keep pulling me back in.*" Billard's work has appeared in *Rolling Stone*, *GQ* and *The American Lawyer*.



Upon being assigned to interview Wayne Newton for this issue, **LISA BIRNBACH** says, she "began coughing uncontrollably, and one of my gums began to bleed. It was a sign." In more composed moments, Birnbach has co-executive-produced the recent ABC pilot *Zero Hour* and written *The Official Preppy Handbook* and *Lisa Birnbach's College Books*.



NEIL SELKIRK, whose pictures of Wayne Newton accompany Birnbach's profile, has been a contributing photographer to SPY since its inception; this is his eleventh cover. He most fondly recalls the May 1988 cover shoot, in which Carol Alt posed with live rats—professionally accredited show biz rats. "I stationed my children at opposite sides of the studio," he says, "so they could scoop the rats up and toss them back into the shot."



Contributor **ART LEVINE** professes astonishment at the unsavviness occasionally displayed by the bad-boy Capitol Hill lobbyists he writes about this month—one of them mistakenly sent private papers to Levine along with a stack of public-relations materials. Levine, who is based in Washington, has written for *U.S. News & World Report*, *The Washington Post* and *The New Republic*.

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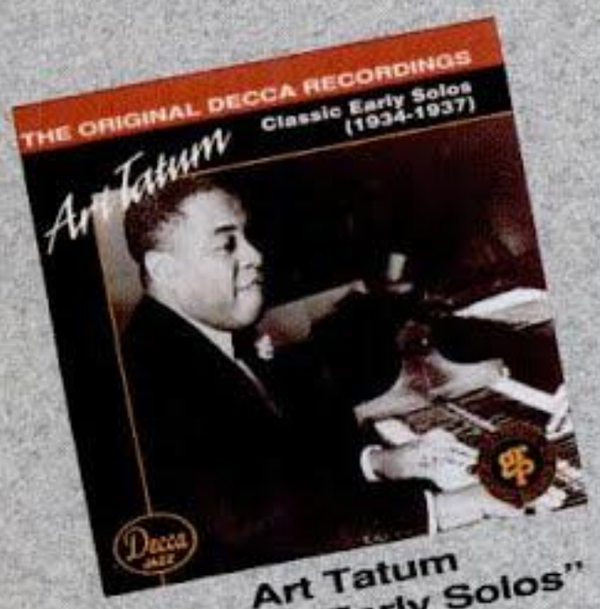
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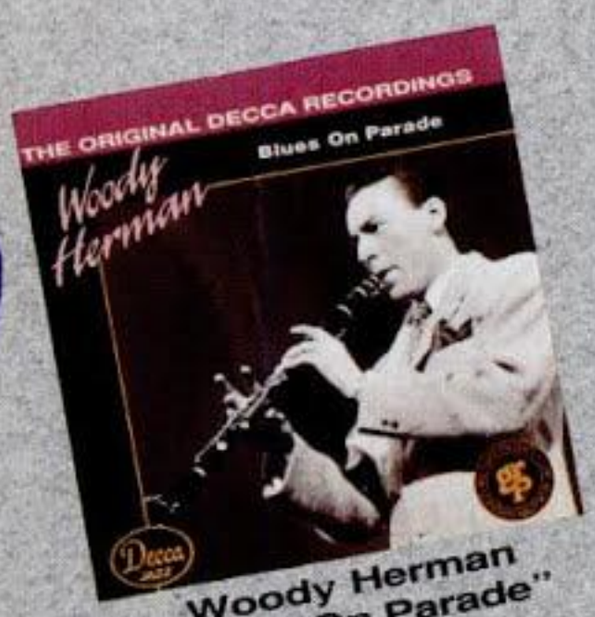
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Louis Armstrong
"Rhythm Saved the World"



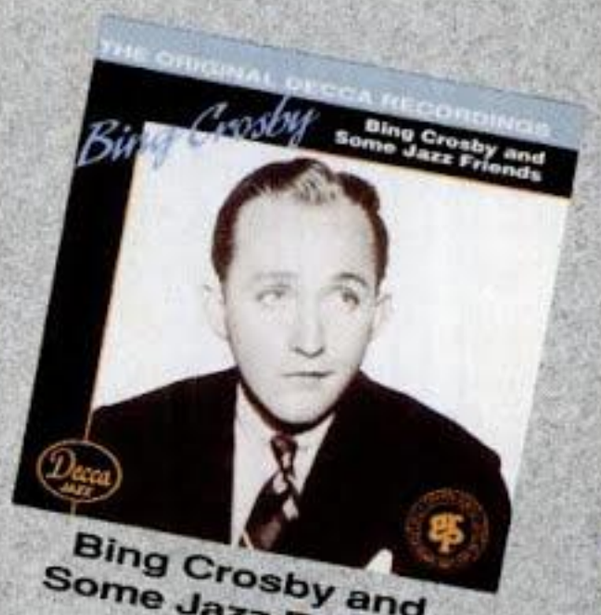
Art Tatum
"Classic Early Solos"
(1934-1937)



Woody Herman
"Blues On Parade"

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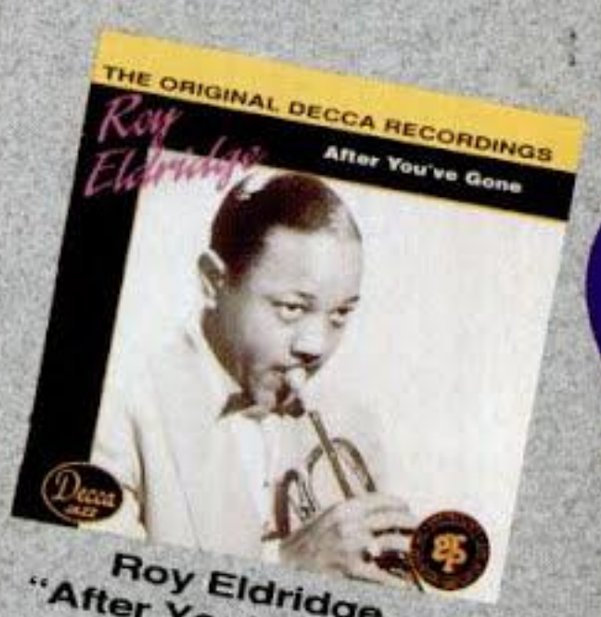
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Blues"



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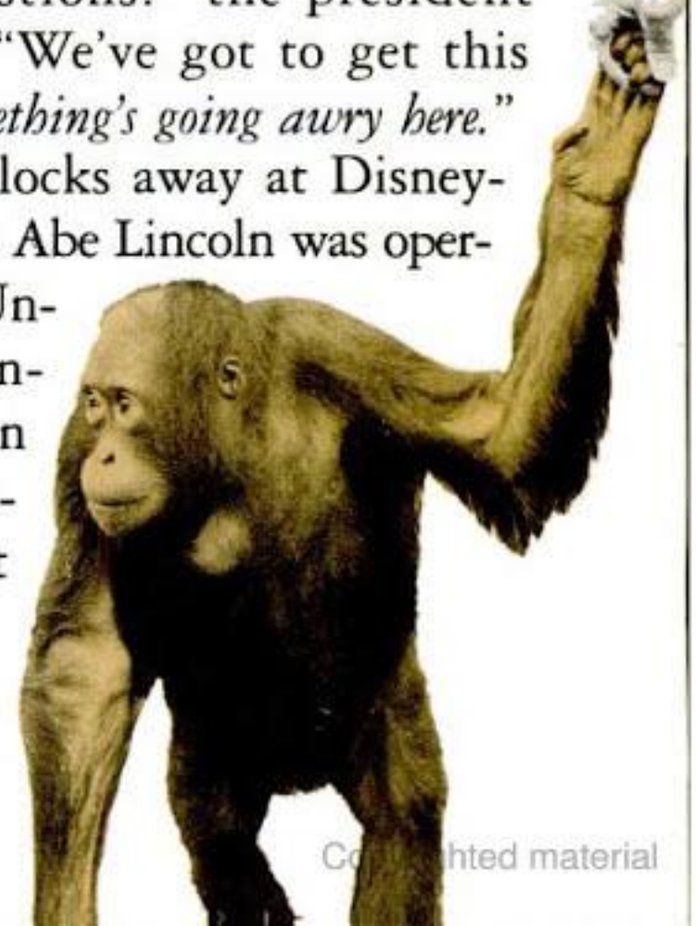
HAPPY NEW YEAR, INDEED! GEORGE BUSH'S POPULARITY IS EVAPORATING ALL AT ONCE. JOHN SUNUNU, LIVING PROOF THAT UGLINESS isn't just skin-deep, has been soundly crushed. And America's most exciting young Republican, David Duke, is running for president. Duke, Pat Buchanan, Quayle, Jerry Brown *and* Sonny Bono, all out on the hustings simultaneously. Has a campaign year ever looked to be so entertaining? Sununu—who, predeparture, told a *Washington Post* reporter on the White House lawn, "Everything you write is a lie"—should look into joining up with Skadden, Arps, the big New York law firm. "We pride ourselves on being assholes," a female Skadden partner and former federal judge said recently. "It's part of the



Happy New Year, indeed!

firm culture." This may have been Sununu's problem in Washington: The last White House in which being an asshole was part of the culture was Nixon's; Ronald Reagan was delusional, but he was never mean; and while Bush can be an asshole, he's not proud of it. Thus, Reagan was beloved by his citizens despite the spectacular public boners, while Bush has never been beloved, and *his* robot-on-the-fritz public performances have no dotty-avuncular charm. It turned out that when Bush appeared recently at a convention in Anaheim, the audience's questions and the president's answers were scripted—and somebody had messed up the darned script. "These questions!" the president shouted afterward. "We've got to get this sorted out here! *Something's going awry here.*" Meanwhile, a few blocks away at Disneyland, the animatronic Abe Lincoln was operating normally. Unfortunately, the Constitution has not been amended in light of animatronic technology, and so Dan Quayle is still first in line to succeed Bush as president, followed by 16 other people. But what if everybody from Quayle through





"I think the rush to judgment that this is the end of the Western world as we know it is entirely premature."—Treasury Secretary Nicholas Brady on the unending recession

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Great Expectations

the secretary of Veterans Affairs died at once? Under the provisions of a secret, extraconstitutional plan put into effect in 1982, lots of private citizens—including Jeane Kirkpatrick, who prides herself on being an asshole—are designated presidential successors. Not just *Seven Days in May*–ishly outrageous but expensive to boot: The plan has cost *$8 billion* so far, mainly for special post-nuclear-war communications gear. Of course, the special gadgetry doesn't work. And, of course, Oliver North helped set up the program.

Maybe Ted Turner should become President Cuomo's Oliver North. According to Defense Secretary Dick Cheney, "It's gotten increasingly difficult to sort out what we know from intelligence and what we know from CNN." The U.S. intelligence budget is $30 billion a year; CNN's annual budget is $337 million, and for that price you get Larry King and *Sonya Live* too. In addition, CNN is still a pretty gung ho place; at the CIA the chief spokesman has been reduced to publicly insisting, "Morale *doesn't* stink."

Morale stinks everywhere else, and alas, the Bush campaign's chairman, Bob Mosbacher—country-clubby and one of Bush's best buddies—is now sensing this. When it was suggested to him that the Bush inner circle includes nobody with any sense of how the groundlings live, Mosbacher agreed. "We've *got* to have somebody like that," he replied. "It isn't *me*, I admit."

Bush's problem, of course, is his most-things-to-most-people *lite*-ness; he's like one of the lab-concocted, less-bad-for-you new foods that folks eat but never crave—A Touch of Racism, I Can't Believe He's Not Pro-Choice. Now, with old-fashioned right-wingers running for the Republican nomination—Pat Buchanan is heavy cream, David Duke some kind of sugary lard—voters will have the option of gorging on the real thing. And both men pride themselves on being assholes.

Duke has shown, among other things, that dramatic inconsistency can work *for* you. So has Julia Roberts: When an interviewer asked about reports of her unsteadiness, she said, "I don't—*nor have I ever* done drugs." Then, a few minutes later, she talked about what fun she'd had inhaling nitrous oxide—a pretty nice drug, but still a drug—on the set of *Hook*. "We had fun," Roberts said. "It gives you a buzz or a rush or something."

Alan Simpson, the Republican senator who called Anita Hill a crazy, good-for-nothing dyke during the Clarence Thomas hearings, performed his own sudden flip-flop—indeed, Simpson has been almost dizzily apologetic, sounding as if he had been sharing the nitrous tank with Julia: "I do not blame the media for anything, nothing." However, the media, as embodied in NPR's Nina Totenberg, were their usual unforgiving selves. "*You big asshole*," she



screamed at him one day after they appeared together on TV. "*Fuck you.* You are so full of shit. You are an evil old man."

A year ago we were told that King Hussein of Jordan was an evil old man, but it turns out that Jordan's punishment for supporting the most awful aggressor since Hitler has been gentle: $55 million in aid merely held up for a few months. Washington says the U.S. eased up because the Jordanians are being cooperative in the Middle East peace process. Cooperative, maybe, but not exactly *loving*. "You come back again and again to the question of *kissing* Mr. Shamir," the Jordanian foreign minister snapped. "Why should I *kiss* him, for God's sake?" Well, what lovelier way to demonstrate that you recognize the state of Israel's right to exist within secure borders?



Another unloving international incident occurred in Tokyo, where Japanese Disneyland staged a dance show in which Filipinos were played by monkeys. "It's an insult," said a Filipino official. "We don't want to be depicted as monkeys." Yet our civilizing mission in the Orient continues apace: The Supermodel of the Year contest has just been extended into China, thanks to the fashion-model impresario Eileen Ford, who oversaw the event. "They have a terrific work ethic," she said of the aspiring Chinese supermodels. This could start a whole new Sino-American consulting industry; just for starters, they'll need to find Chinese Mickey Rourkes and Axl Roses—cool, dirty guys who pride themselves on being assholes—to *date* the new supermodels.

At least the Chinese seem grateful for our pop culture. Not the British: In London the TV authorities banned two ads for *Simpsons* videos, including one that featured Homer belching. Don't they know U.S. TV broadcasts can work neurobiological wonders? First there was the woman in whom Mary Hart's voice on *Entertainment Tonight* provoked seizures; now a woman in Overland Park, Kansas, has awakened from a coma while the TV in her hospital room played the theme song to the sitcom *Growing Pains*. "Just the thought of it," one of the show's producers says, "gave us goose bumps." Is it callow of us to lampoon the idea of such a miracle? Too easy, too reflexive? Well, that's part of our firm culture; when it comes to the curative powers of Alan Thicke and Kirk Cameron, we pride ourselves on being assholes.



From the SPY Mailroom



When all is said and done, is reading a magazine worth the effort it entails? David Lamb of San Francisco tried to read a recent issue of SPY in a sauna and was "shocked to find the binding glue melting and the pages sifting through" his fingers. Diego Hay of Gainesville ordered some magazines from the Publishers Clearing House Sweepstakes and is now oppressed by Hugh Downs. And Michael Levosky of Woburn, Massachusetts, has written to tell us about a problem he has been having with *Smithsonian* magazine. Levosky enclosed a copy of a letter he wrote to *Smithsonian* regarding its "failure to place small typographical marks, common in the publishing industry, at the end of articles, to indicate the end of the article." Now, we mailroom folk never mean to be pedantic. However, we feel it is our duty to inform Mr. Levosky that the "typographical marks" he refers to have the lyrical name *end slugs*. End slugs are to be distinguished from those paragraph-breaking *dingbats*; dingbats are to be distinguished from Jean Stapleton. Second, Mr. Levosky, we too are uncomfortable with editorially cagey publications—we think of the early, minimalist-contents-paged *New Yorker*, whose readers were forced to complete a preliminary paging-through of a story in order to find the byline at its end; we think of the current *New Yorker*, whose readers are forced to complete a preliminary paging-through of a story in order to make sure that it actually *has* an end. However, we have persevered, and grown. Indeed, these days whenever we read a personal letter that does not include the instruction "(over)" at the bottom of its first page, we no longer become irritable about the letter's having concluded midsentence.

One of our rules of thumb is that ▸

Letters to SPY

Stealing Their Thunder?

We are taking this opportunity to set the record straight by responding to your November 1991 Industry column [by Celia Brady]:

"[David] Kirkpatrick's career is riddled with ironies, one of which is that the first producers he dumped when he took over at Paramount last fall were [Don] Simpson and Jerry Bruckheimer." For the record, we went to Paramount and asked for our release because we were not happy at the studio any longer. Our lawyer, Jake Bloom, negotiated our release, which gave us the ability to move to Walt Disney Studios. Paramount tried to rehire us recently to produce *Beverly Hills Cop III*, but we decided to pass on the offer.

"A large number of [Frank] Mancuso's enormously expensive pictures, including...*Days of Thunder*...had bombed." This is totally false. To date, the worldwide grosses of *Days of Thunder* are over $230 million.

Don Simpson and
Jerry Bruckheimer
Burbank, California

Celia Brady replies, "Well, we won't quibble about grosses, but Thunder *was certainly not profitable, due in part to the huge producers' fees paid to you—which profligacy was in turn a reason for your banishment from Paramount. (By the way, guys, your new offices at Disney—a bit too eighties, don't you think?)"*

Reactive Minds Want to Know

In "Profits of Doom" [September], Deirdre Fanning blithely sneers at an entire religion, even presenting snippets that only highlight her gleeful incomprehension. The odd falsehood included makes the effect all the more complete. People who read books—fiction and nonfiction—by L. Ron Hubbard keep buying them. Those who have experienced Scientology for themselves say it increases respect for self and for others, and leads to greater understanding and happiness. Fanning could certainly use a bit more of each.

Rev. John Carmichael
Church of Scientology of
New York

Deirdre Fanning replies, "Since I'm already relatively happy, I'm probably not a good candidate for Scientology. As for the rest of Rev. Carmichael's letter, he's right: I don't understand."

PC or Not PC?

Congratulations on being one of the few media sources that does not turn its cheek when it comes to David Duke ["Conduct Unbecoming a Racist," by Andrea Rider, September]. Also, it was nice to see meat eating questioned in something other than the *Vegetarian Times* [Eating, by Ann Hodgman, October]. However, I thought SPY would have realized that the concept of "politically correct tyranny" [The SPY 100, October] is largely an invention of the right that is being pursued with increased fervor now that they can't use Communism as a scapegoat anymore. The only examples of "PC tyranny" I have experienced on any campus are a bigot or two being told that maybe it's not so cool to call black people niggers. If that's McCarthyism, I'm Phyllis Schlafly.

Donna Nicolino
Santa Cruz, California

Losing Their Religion

I have read a couple of issues of SPY, and I have come to the conclusion that it is blatantly anti-Catholic. For example, John Lombardi writes that John Lilly's ideas are as "nutty as... the Catholic myth of transubstantia-

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moose

sonny and sam
featuring "jack"

monty python

monty python sings
featuring "always look on the bright side"

massive attack

blue lines
featuring "be thankful for what you've got"

keith richards

and the x-pensive winos

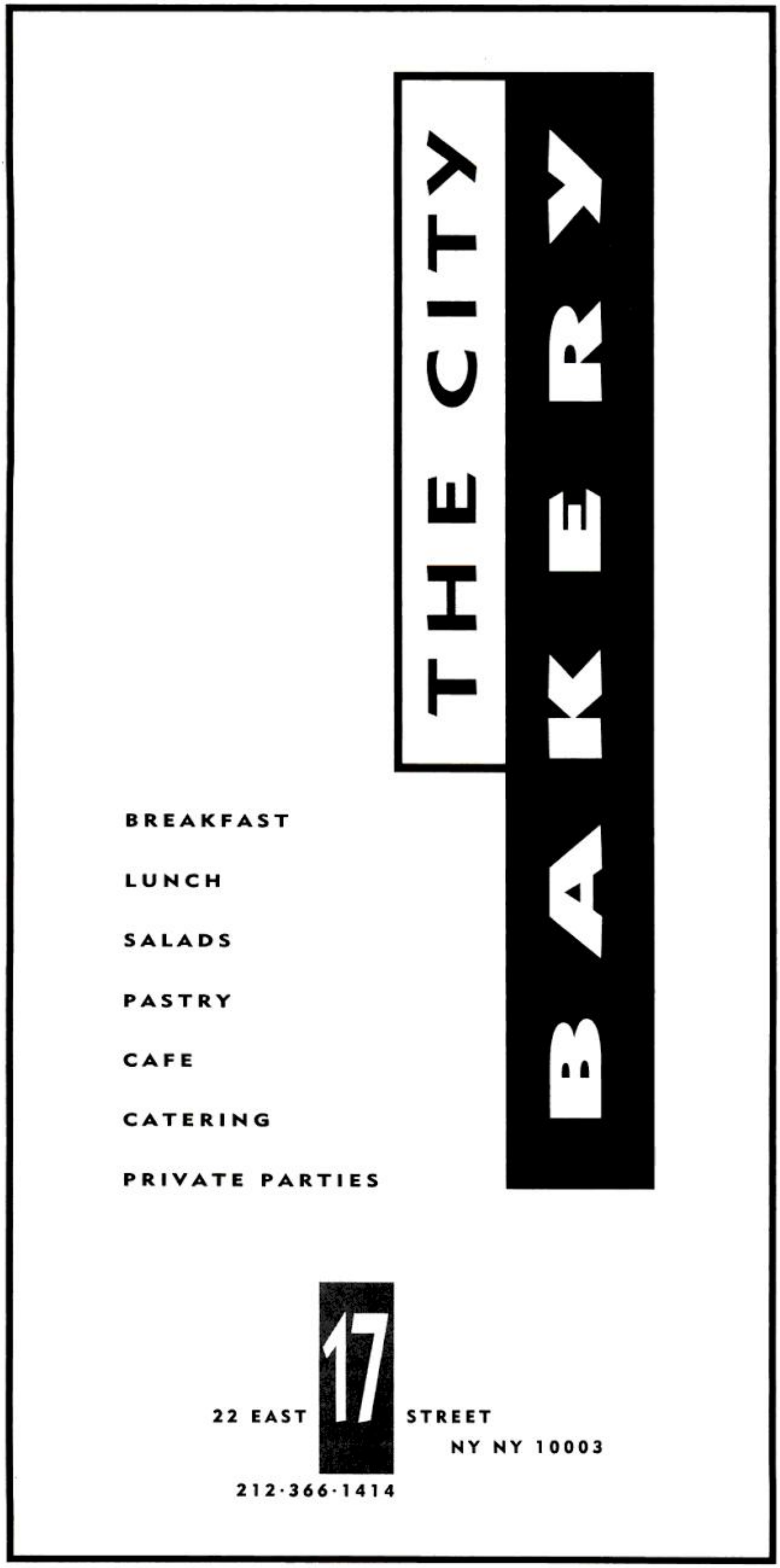
live at the hollywood palladium
december 15, 1988

the concert video and the music are available separately,
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fat, untidily sealed and Scotch-taped business-size envelopes requiring $1.29 in postage seldom contain good news and are best left unopened. Unfortunately, we broke that rule when a letter fitting that description arrived from Forest Hills, Queens. It began, "Dear Sir; (1) I have enclosed: (a) Summary Memo, which includes, 8 pages of text and 8 pages of exhibits. The Summary Memo is distilled from a 65 page document, consisting of 21 pages of text...sent to Pres. Bush, on, June 3, 1991. It was responded to with a pack of lies, dated, July 12, 1991...." We think you all know what this is about. That's correct: "COST-COMPETITIVE SYNTHETIC GASOLINE FROM COAL, SOON."

Another envelope, 58 cents' postage, postmarked Cincinnati. Small, spidery hand. Yes, we had to look: "Enclosed is literature showing possible nonpolluting replacements for fossil and nuclear fuels...." Have we forgotten something? Did we request this stuff? Coal gasification, replacements for fossil and nuclear fuels—does this have anything to do with our December feature on zany physicists, "Put a Zokwendle in Your Tank," or with the Society of Manufacturing Engineers's inability to contact putative SPY editor Mel Mandell (see this space, November)? We are awhirl in science and mystery.

Further proof of Walter Monheit's far-reaching influence as a critic: Joel Siegel of *Good Morning America* said, "*Fisher King* may make Robin Williams the Oscar king." (Thanks to John Mainelli of Manhattan for noticing it.) And here (courtesy of Chris Mickle) is a local Albany columnist named David Allan on a production of *Booth Is Back*: "Frank Langella as Junius Booth is giving such a bravura performance that the word should be spelled 'bravuRAH.' When this play gets to Broadway, and I think it will, Langella can change his first name to 'Tony'!" If you don't believe us, stop by and we'll show you the clippings. (We don't really mean that; don't stop by.)

Farrell Young of San Francisco has submitted some poetry to Edward ▶

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tion" ["Little Miss Dangerous," October]. As a Catholic, I do not believe transubstantiation is either a myth or nutty. I guess that according to Lombardi, Lisa Lyon's PCP habit for nine years and Robert Mapplethorpe's photographs of men with bullwhips up their asses are fine but to believe in Catholic doctrine is nutty.

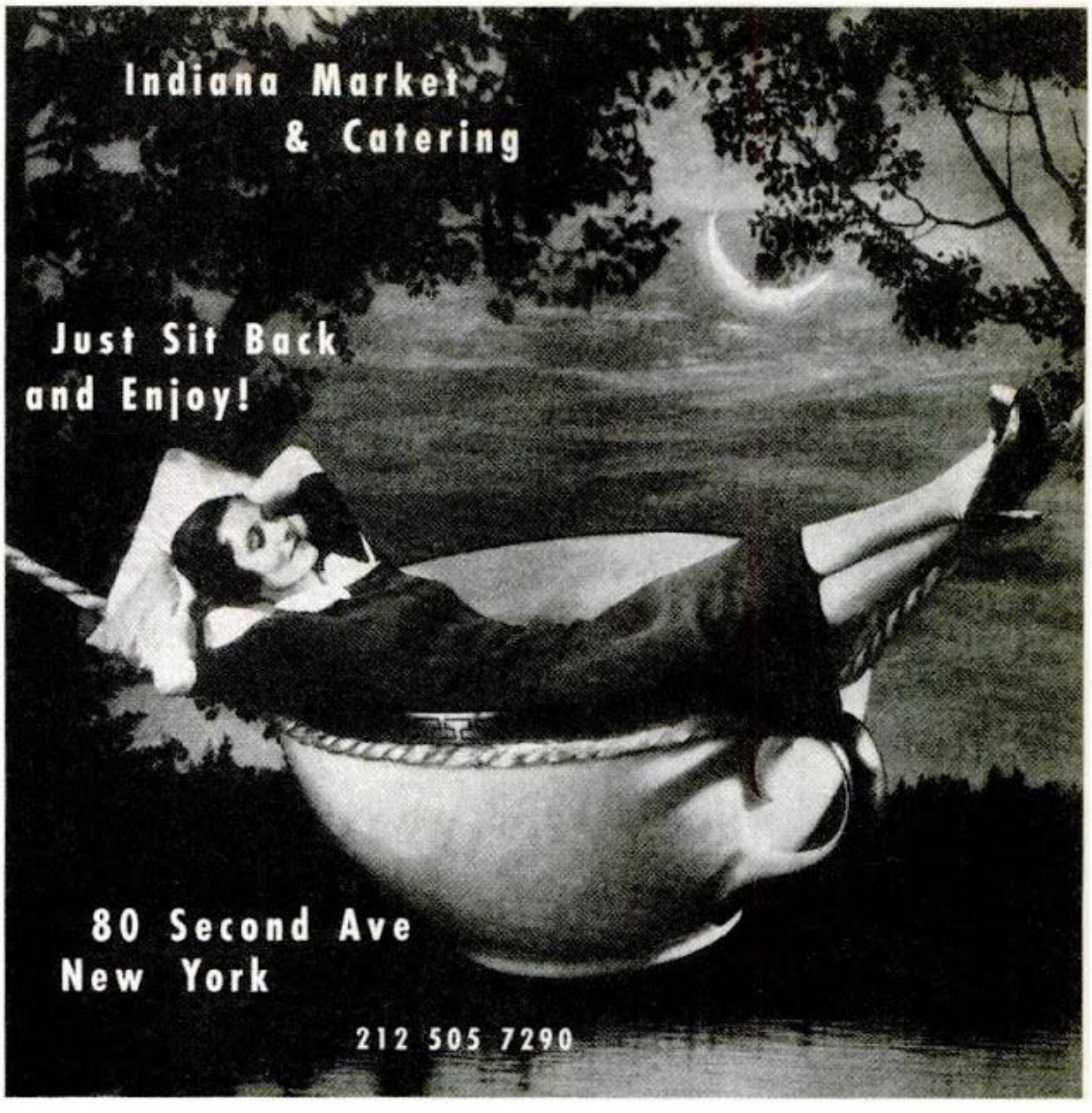
It's obvious that your magazine is staffed with a plethora of miserable gays who jump at any chance to bash Cardinal O'Connor and the Catholic church. The gays should look at their own promiscuous and amoral behavior for the AIDS problem and stop using the Church as the scapegoat.

Name withheld
Bronx, New York

Have you become a tabloid magazine that titillates one with lines like "The Jew and the Nazi made a deal" ["The Wildenstein Family," by Jonathan Napack, October]? You have taken the statements of an avowed Nazi (Karl Haberstock) and of the not disinterested Douglas Cooper, believed them fully and then implied that Georges Wildenstein, while he was in New York, through Roger DeQuoy, continued to deal with Nazis. Upon careful reading of the article, however, nothing justifies any of this. Picture yourself, if you can, in the shoes of any Jewish person trying to flee for his life. Wouldn't you put your collection into the hands of a former employee rather than relinquish it to Haberstock?

Molly W. Roche
Silver Spring, Maryland

Name withheld's spectacular leaps of logic do not make him or her an ideal spokesperson for religious tolerance. As for Ms. Roche, we can say only that when the Star *and* Enquirer *start publishing long, exhaustive articles about art dealers and World War II, then you'll have a point. Cooper's report relies on files, letters and receipts, not to mention his interrogation of Haberstock, and at the time he made his report, he had no ill will toward the Wildensteins. Georges Wildenstein made an extraordinary deal with two old friends and partners, one a Nazi, the other a Nazi sympathizer. If he had acted under anything like the compulsion other*





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Christensen, whom he identifies as SPY's "Poetry Editor." *Christensen? Editor?* We sense some kind of nascent anti–Mel Mandell putsch.

U.S. Navy seaman Marc Goebel has written to express his enthusiasm for SPY, "especially the 'look whose nipples we can see' article" in September (Party Poop). He and his friend Petty Officer Arnent have a "*very small* bet" going on whether Raquel Welch is more than 50 years of age and wondered if we would settle the dispute; we were disinclined, because they misspelled her name, but hell, never let it be said that we let down our boys in uniform—Welch is 51. More waspish than we about misspelling is Timothy L. Bowen of Athens, Georgia, who writes, in reference to Harry Shearer's "America Le Beautiful" (October), "The owners of Le Boozé Bar have stumbled upon a French expression not the least bit appealing. Although spelled incorrectly, the pronunciation of *boozé* is too similar to the French word *bouse* (pronounced 'booz'), which translates as 'cow dung.' The accent suggests the French past tense; thus, for a literal translation, we have The Cow-Dunged Bar. Because *bouse* is feminine, the name should actually be La Boozé." Timothy, French cows everywhere thank you.

Michael Levosky: Stop reading.

CORRECTIONS

Due to a printer's error, several lines were omitted from December's "Put a Zokwendle in Your Tank." The full paragraph should have read, "'You must remember,' says Dan Davidson, who is fearlessly about to publish a sequel to *Breakthroughs* called *T-Field Energy Research*, 'all these people that came up with fantastic free-energy devices were killed off or disappeared.'" And in November's "The Joy of—*Screech! Thud*—Cooking," Tony Hendra omitted acknowledgment of the invaluable assistance of David Rosengarten in providing the recipes for groundhog and raccoon, and of Josh Wesson for the cruelty-free wines that accompanied them.

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Jews experienced, why would he have covered up this arrangement when he wrote his newspaper articles three years later?

Other Voices, Other Letters

"Transvestites vs. Transvesmites" [by David Yazbek and Ted Dewan, November] was hilarious. However, shouldn't transvesmites grow up from the cave floor while transvestites grow down from the ceiling?

John Tingle
Jackson, Mississippi

Very good, Mr. Tingle! You're the first reader to address the geological inaccuracy of the cartoon. We knew our terminology was reversed but left it wrong because—well, you read from left to right, and you would have been confused if you'd first laid eyes on an upside-down drawing or the nonsense word transvesmites, *right?*

In the short time I was able to watch the Clarence Thomas hearings, he mentioned that part of getting on with his life would be going to McDonald's, and John Doggett noted that the repeated "boom, boom, boom" of a threatening phone call was meant to represent gunfire, not the Eveready rabbit. Were these men using their opportunity in the national spotlight to secure endorsement deals? *Hey, Clarence Thomas! You got the job! What are you going to do now?*

Jon X. Volquardsen
Forest Hills, New York

SUPREME COURT ASSOCIATE JUSTICE CLARENCE THOMAS

LAMER CUR: "I JUST USE CRASS, PATHETIC COME-ONS AT EEOC"

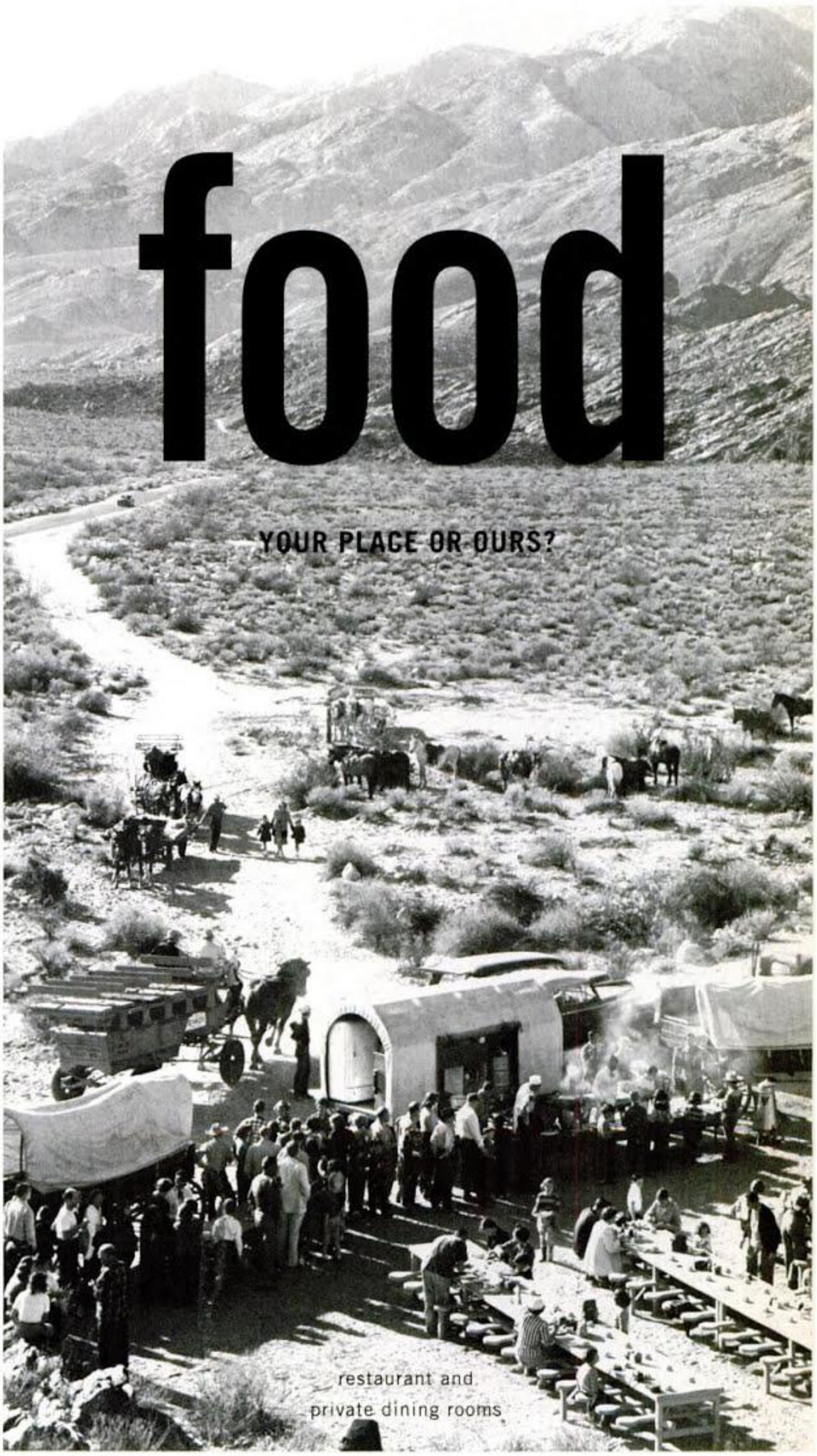
Ken Ritz and Nicole Shafer
Portland, Oregon

"WHO HAS PUT A PUBIC HAIR ON MY COKE?"

BOAR'S HOPE: "I WANTA HUMP YOU, CHICK"

Dixie McGinty
Atlanta, Georgia

Address correspondence to SPY, *The SPY Building, 5 Union Square West, New York, NY 10003. Typewritten letters are preferred. Please include your daytime telephone number. Letters may be edited for length or clarity.*



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Stranger Than Fiction at CBS News

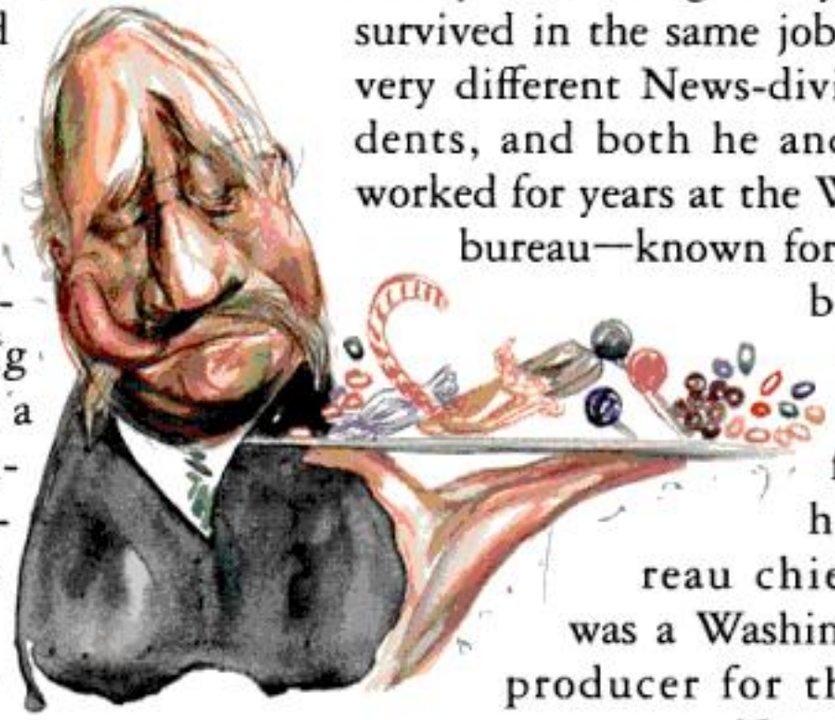
The movies are not like life. In the film *Broadcast News*, Holly Hunter plays a driven, shrimpy producer who succeeds in becoming head of the fictional network's nightly newscast. In real life Susan Zirinsky is the driven, shrimpy former producer for *The CBS Evening News* on whom Hunter's character was based—the film's writer and director, James Brooks, followed her around for weeks. Unlike the Hunter character, though, Zirinsky has succeeded in becoming senior producer of CBS's coverage of the Winter Olympics in France and of the presidential election. That may sound prestigious, but what will a news producer do at a sports event, especially one in which the luge figures so prominently? Albertville '92 is unlikely to provide the drama of Munich '72. As for the elections unit, it does provide a brownnosing opportunity with ever-more-powerful corporate senior vice president Jay Kriegel, but it is known as Siberia for producers. Furthermore, all the networks are drastically reducing their coverage of the election and the conventions this time around. When things go wrong in the movies, a journalist heroine responds with a wisecrack; not so in life: When Zirinsky heard about her new job, she asked CBS to delay any announcement until *her spin people* could get working on the situation.

Zirinsky is married to Joe Peyronnin, the vice president of the CBS News division, and his status is uncertain as well. Peyronnin, in his early forties, is a few years older than his wife. He is known around CBS for keeping News president Eric Ober's candy dish full, and that duty reflects how important he is to the day-to-day running of the network. Speculation about the couple's future began in August, before Zirinsky's job change, when the Soviet coup caught them on a cycling trip in the south of France. Zirinsky, an indefatigable newshound, and Peyronnin, an indefatigable apparatchik, both knew where they wanted to be. It seems Peyronnin phoned Ober and pleaded that Zirinsky be sent to Moscow; *he* would fly home and "take the helm" in New York. Ober's response to Peyronnin: "Keep pedaling."

Zirinsky was long believed to be an integral part of the *Evening News*, and when its newish executive producer, Erik Sorenson, whose background was solely in local news, took charge last spring, she was left in place as an able second-in-command. Since nothing excites her more than a breaking story of international dimensions, Zirinsky was supposed to see her callow executive producer through his first few geopolitical crises. Sadly for her, the *Evening News* covered the Soviet coup without difficulty while she roamed the Midi. Having weathered this trial on his own, Sorenson lobbied his old friend Ober to rid the *Evening News* of an annoying backseat driver. Nor is Peyronnin in good stead with Ober, who is said to have little respect for his VP-Jujubes. Their relationship was best summarized by Ober himself during a recent visit to the *Evening News* for a staff birthday. When no one was willing to suck helium out of the party balloons hanging around The Fishbowl, Ober indicated he knew one employee who was not ashamed to talk like a Munchkin in front of his boss. "Let's get Joe," Ober said. "He does everything I say." Meanwhile, ultrapowerful Don Hewitt, the executive producer of the ultraprofitable *60 Minutes*, ridicules Peyronnin before the *60 Minutes* staff. Since Peyronnin and his wife are seen as a package, the question is, do they represent a fine opportunity for Ober to make substantial savings in the strapped news budget?

Don't count Peyronnin and Zirinsky out, though. Peyronnin has survived in the same job under two very different News-division presidents, and both he and Zirinsky worked for years at the Washington bureau—known for its vicious backbiting and intrigue. In fact, when he was bureau chief and she was a Washington-based producer for the *Evening News*, they managed to charm their colleagues with their witty *His Girl Friday*–style newsroom banter. During one exchange, for example, Zirinsky apparently believed that Peyronnin—then her boss—was being a little difficult, and so she yelled at him, "You didn't fuck me at home last night! You don't get to fuck me here!" He still doesn't get to—screwing people at CBS News is the sole province of Eric Ober.

—*Laureen Hobbs*

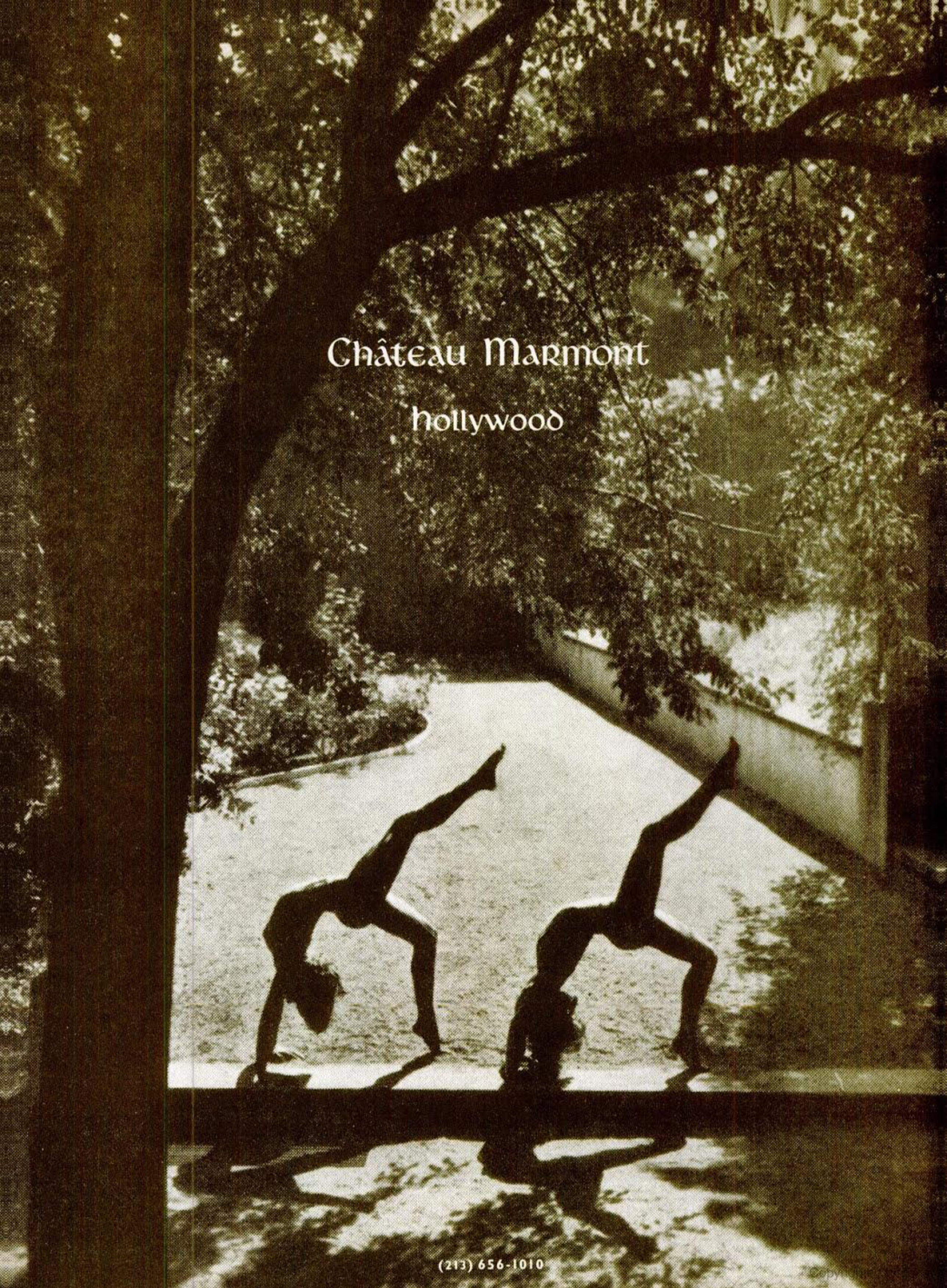


Eric

A news producer asked CBS not to announce her new job until *her spin people* could work on it

Illustration by Steve Brodner

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Fathers and Sons—and Grandsons and Daughters and Wives and...

This fall has been a nepotism festival, but Hollywood's casual, universal embrace of the practice dates way back—to a time when the economy was a shambles, a dithering Republican occupied the White House, and people weren't going to the pictures as much as they used to. Back then Lewis Selznick, the retired mogul, would wait up for his grown son David (who had married Louis B. Mayer's daughter) to return from his job as an MGM executive, then lead the *Gone With the Wind* producer–to–be upstairs to his room, where *père* undressed *fils* and put him to bed.

As far as I know, MCA president Sidney Sheinberg (whose wife, Lorraine Gary, was cast in Sid's picture *Jaws*) doesn't offer quite the same kind of tender loving care to his son, Jonathan. And that may explain why the younger Sheinberg, a former Orion vice president who is now an agent for Triad Artists agency, is almost as renowned as his pop for being an abrasive loose cannon. His former Orion colleagues were deeply relieved to see him go. As an acquaintance puts it, "He's just like Sid—only more so."

On top of that, the hyperkinetic but undirected young Jonathan may be in a heap of trouble: The Securities and Exchange Commission is investigating his possible involvement in inside trading with regard to Matsushita's acquisition of MCA. Those who know Jonathan find suggestions of a *deliberate* inside-trading scheme implausible: They think his mind is too chaotic to execute such a crime. On the other hand, the same people can imagine Jon, a relentless yakker, as an unwitting accomplice to inside trading—*Hey! My dad says the Japs are gonna do it!* As the story goes, Jonathan did not himself trade MCA stock, but may have blabbed to a friend about the deal in the making, whereupon the friend bought stock.

Lee Rich, the producer for whom Jonathan worked between his stints at Orion and Triad, seems to be playing both sides of the inside-trading story. Although he is happy to spite Jonathan, whom he loathes, and has suggested to some people that Jonathan might have acted inappropriately concerning the MCA-Matsushita deal, Rich has told others that Jonathan never said a word to him about Matsushita.



Jon and Sid

Jon Sheinberg may be a putz, but give him credit for not (yet) working for his dad. At Paramount, meanwhile, studio chief Stanley Jaffe employs an extremely young vice president—25 years old, for God's sake!—named Bob...*Jaffe*. (The elder Jaffe is himself a legacy: His father was chairman of Columbia. And in January, Andrea Jaffe, Stanley's sister, becomes head of marketing at Fox—despite having promoted the disastrous *For the Boys*, costarring director Mark Rydell's son, Christopher.) Bob Jaffe is likable enough, if you like Dan Quayle: blond, freckly, a bit dim-seeming.

With Jaffe, Mancuso and Goldwyn offspring on the payroll, Paramount is almost a moguls' day-care center

He does, however, inspire resentment on the Paramount lot. Paramount is now practically a moguls' day-care center. At least two other Hollywood brats—Frank Mancuso Jr. (who is sometimes called Frankie to differentiate him from Frank Sr.) and John "Son of Sammy" Goldwyn—are on the payroll. Frank Jr., an independent producer who makes films for Paramount, may be a greater liability to the studio than its development deal with Eddie Murphy. For all his efforts to look like a successful, Simpson-and-Bruckheimer-style producer—the snakeskin boots, the black jeans—Frankie's a hopeless character. That he and Paramount continue to work together is curious, given his father's sacking last March. (It was always entertaining to watch Frank Sr. get apoplectic at the suggestion that his son had any special Paramount entrée.)

Compounding the ire of Paramount's unconnected and unrelated is the story of how Frank Jr.'s girlfriend, the widely despised and mistrusted Deborah Rosen, steadily breezed up the Paramount hierarchy—she ended up as head of publicity—until she was fired several months after the ouster of Frank Sr. (with whom she was also said to be quite friendly). Rosen and Frank Jr.'s efforts to keep their romance secret sometimes took on comic proportions—Paramount worker bees were regularly treated to the sound of Frankie and Debbie screaming at each other in the parking lot.

Though Frank Mancuso Jr. has been the most visible of the born-into-it youngsters at Paramount, Goldwyn, who is 33, is about to

Illustration by Robert Risko

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overtake him. He has just been named to succeed *both* David Kirkpatrick (see this space, November) and Gary Lucchesi and become the studio president, a heady responsibility for someone who only recently was an executive at Metro, uh, *Goldwyn*-Mayer under, appropriately enough, Laddie—that is, Alan Ladd Jr.—for whom Goldwyn also worked earlier at the Ladd Co. But maybe John Goldwyn made it up the ladder entirely independent of his surname. Goldwyn's secretary recently told a colleague of mine, "He's got that legacy, that huge name behind him, but *'nepotism' is the last thing you could ever say about John*."

Goldwyn is described by someone who has known him for years as "oily and smarmy, but not much worse than anybody else out here." His only executive-production credit—*Police Academy 2*—isn't exactly A-list. Furthermore, John displays the telltale middle-manager habit of relying on jargon to mask his incomprehension of what's going on. He is prone to saying vague, unarguable negatives such as "I don't see where the story arcs meet" in story-discussion meeting after story-discussion meeting.

While other studios are as guilty of dynastic hiring practices as Paramount, at least they're becoming more discreet about it. At Columbia, the recent appointment of well-liked but slightly ridiculous second-generation Hollywood functionary Mark Canton as chairman motivated Canton's friend and boss Peter Guber to move Canton's wife, producer Wendy Finerman, over to the Tri-Star subsidiary from Columbia to reduce the appearance of nepotism. And Jon Peters's exile from Columbia was at least partly an antinepotism measure. The day he left, the joke among his relieved Columbia colleagues was, "A bad day for blonds!"—an allusion to Peters's habit of hiring his own girlfriends, such as former ICM agent Darris Hatch. Peters's *hey-babe-I'll-make-you-a-star* personnel strategy reached its pinnacle when he hired his *son's* girlfriend as an executive assistant.

Just as the backlots of yore were littered with Selznicks and Mayers and Laemmles, today's executives, crews, casts and publicists—hell, even journalists—are most distinguishable by their connectedness. *And nobody out here looks askance*, not even for a moment. Think of Ray Stark's daughter Wendy covering the movies for *Vanity Fair*, or think of young Matt Snyder at CAA—his most important qualification for becoming an agent was having Paramount Communications's Dick Snyder for a father. Think of Mrs. Michael Ovitz's part in *Ghostbusters II*. Think of Jason Gould in *The Prince of Tides*. Think of *Rush*, the imminent directing debut by the second Mrs. Richard Zanuck. Think, if it's not too painful, of Sofia Coppola. Now you know what they mean when they say *It's a relationship business*.

See you Monday night at Mortons. And hey, Peter—I've got a kid who's dying to get into the restaurant business. —*Celia Brady*

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Sharing Credit: Without Me You're Nothing

I can't exactly say that I felt *sorry* for Morris Levy when I read Calvin Trillin's recent *New Yorker* piece that detailed the pioneering rock mogul's manipulations of Frankie Lymon and the Teenagers. But I am beginning to think that Levy was at least straightforward enough in life to deserve a better fate than the one being accorded him in death.

Levy, who controlled several record- and music-publishing companies for nearly 40 years until his death in 1990, was the record industry's original tough guy. One way he manifested this was through his contempt for artists. When I first met him in 1982, he had just released a remake of Timmy Thomas's "Why Can't We Live Together." The original was a classic recording, and Levy was sentimental about it, though not for any aesthetic reason: He owned publishing rights to the song as well as the old Thomas master, all of which he said he'd purchased outright from Thomas for $50. Levy's cronies laughed as the boss told me the story. "That Morris," one of them said. "He's such a pisser."

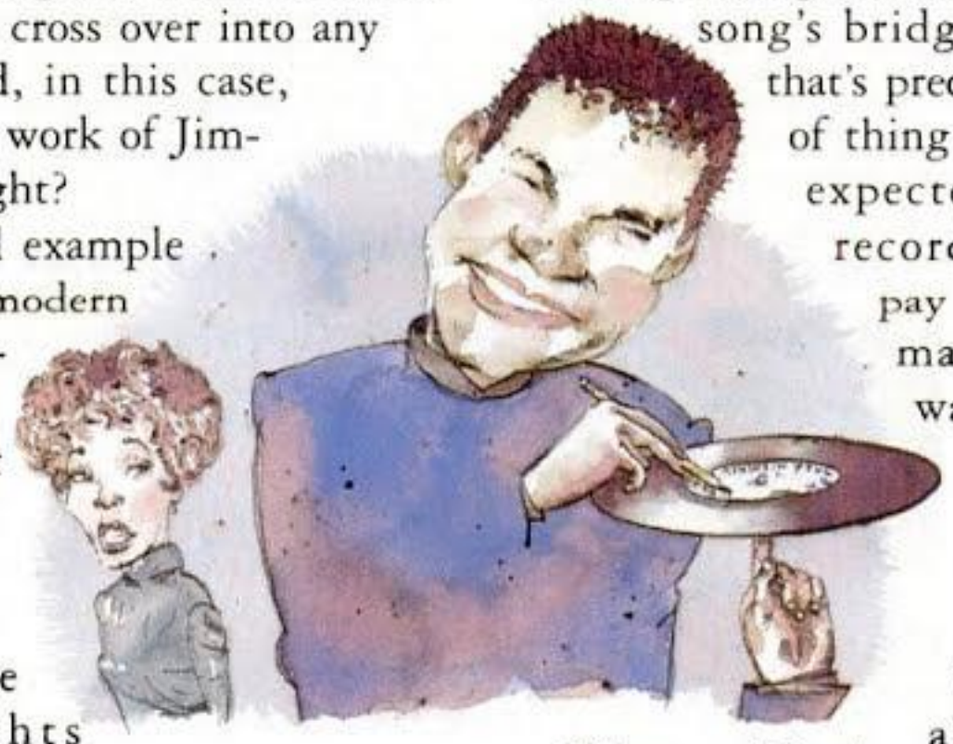
Among Levy's associates were mobsters. Consequently, he was seldom stiffed by distributors, and his office became a magnet for small record companies that were having trouble getting paid. Levy, for a percentage, would collect the bills, usually after a single phone call. Over time, industry executives came to regard Levy with equal measures of admiration and fear. Unfortunately, his negotiating style eventually earned him a conviction for extortion. Only cancer kept him from doing time.

As Trillin and others have recounted, Levy put his name on several songs that you can safely bet he did not write, including the Teenagers' hit "Why Do Fools Fall in Love?" As Trillin and others have also noted, this was not an unusual practice; Alan Freed, for example, shares writing credit with Chuck Berry for "Maybellene" (*Wait, Chuck, I've got it—"true"! "Maybellene, why can't you be* true*!"*). The implication, though, is that this kind of crude rip-off died with guys like Levy, and that things are very different in the record business today. When we see an impressive actor like, oh, Steven Seagal listed as a co-writer and coproducer on the *Marked for Death* soundtrack, we figure that Seagal is the kind of talent who can cross over into any medium and, in this case, improve the work of Jimmy Cliff. Right?

One good example of how the modern music industry rewards true talent was offered a few years back when ASCAP, the music-rights agency, named producer Narada Michael Walden its Songwriter of the Year for 1986. Walden was honored because he is both an ASCAP member and listed as co-writer of "How Will I Know," a song he produced for Whitney Houston. That recording was the most-performed song in the ASCAP catalog the same year, earning the agency's Song of the Year award.

"This is one of the highlights of my life," Walden said at the awards ceremony. "It inspires you to give that much more...[to] go on! Go beyond, go beyond, go beyond!" Perhaps he was talking about going beyond the bounds of ethical behavior: His speech failed to mention that he wasn't an original writer of "How Will I Know."

That credit actually goes to professional songwriters Shannon Rubicam and George Merrill, who are not ASCAP members and were not honored by that group (they belong to BMI, the competing music-rights organization). Getting a track on a Whitney Houston album was a big break for them, so they didn't protest much when Walden insisted on receiving co-writer credit for making arrangement changes in the song's bridge. Of course, that's precisely the kind of thing producers are expected to do and record companies pay them for. No matter. Walden wanted a piece of the song, and Rubicam and Merrill gave it to him, eventually forking over nearly 20 percent of their royalties—about $250,000.



Whitney and Narada

Walden "thanked his mother, he thanked God, he thanked everybody but the songwriters"

Martin Kirkup, Rubicam and Merrill's comanager, appears to have accepted Walden's incursion as the price of doing business. "He did some rearranging, and we agreed on a percentage," Kirkup says. But he doesn't understand why Walden wanted to steal their thunder as well. At the ASCAP awards, says Kirkup, "he thanked his mother, he

Illustration by Barry Blitt

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thanked God, he thanked everybody but the writers." (A spokeswoman for Walden maintains that credit was given appropriately.) As a result of the Houston album, Walden became a very hot producer. Recently, however, his luck seems to have changed.

First Walden tried adding his name as a co-writer to a track on Houston's 1990 album, *I'm Your Baby Tonight*. This time, however, Walden's grab provoked a salvo of letters from Cooper, Epstein & Hurewitz, one of the industry's most powerful law firms. Walden received no credit.

Next, and perhaps more damaging, Walden's keyboard player, Walter Afanasieff, accepted a contract reportedly worth $6 million to become a staff producer for Columbia Records. He quickly took up residence at Sausalito's Plant Recording Studios and produced albums by Michael Bolton and Mariah Carey; Carey's recordings had previously been produced by Walden.

Why would top singers opt for Walden's assistant over him? Although Afanasieff is desperately trying to make nice with his former boss—he says his deal with Columbia is just a matter of "being in the right place at the right time" and that Walden (who is far from talentless) is a "great" guy—a story in the *San Francisco Chronicle* alleged that Afanasieff had actually conducted the recording of basic instrumental tracks and had overseen almost all details except lead vocals on several of Walden's earlier productions.

Trying to cadge a piece of a song remains one of the most popular schemes in the recording industry. "Our artists are frequently approached by producers," says the director of a major music-publishing company, "who want coauthor credit for making changes in an arrangement—changes that weren't essential." Still, this isn't a subject people like to discuss publicly—particularly those songwriters who have been surprised to discover that the superstar who recorded their song was right at their elbow when they wrote it.

Walden, who was given his first name by guru Sri Chinmoy, always portrays himself as a religious person. "When the power of love replaces the love of power," Walden declared in one of his record-company bios, "then man will have a new name—God." Morris Levy, on the other hand, was willing to stand up and be counted. "If a guy's a cocksucker in his life," Levy once said on an FBI wiretap, "when he dies, he don't become a saint."

Isn't it time the industry stopped and recognized Levy as the guiding figure he was? Levy has never been nominated for the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame, even though the pantheon has accommodated, for example, Leonard Chess, the blues mogul who, industry legend has it, used to require Muddy Waters to paint his house. To rectify this slight, perhaps it's time the hall established its Morris Levy Memorial Ganefs' Wing. The question is, is there room in Cleveland for a building that big?

—Fred Goodman



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Naked City

1

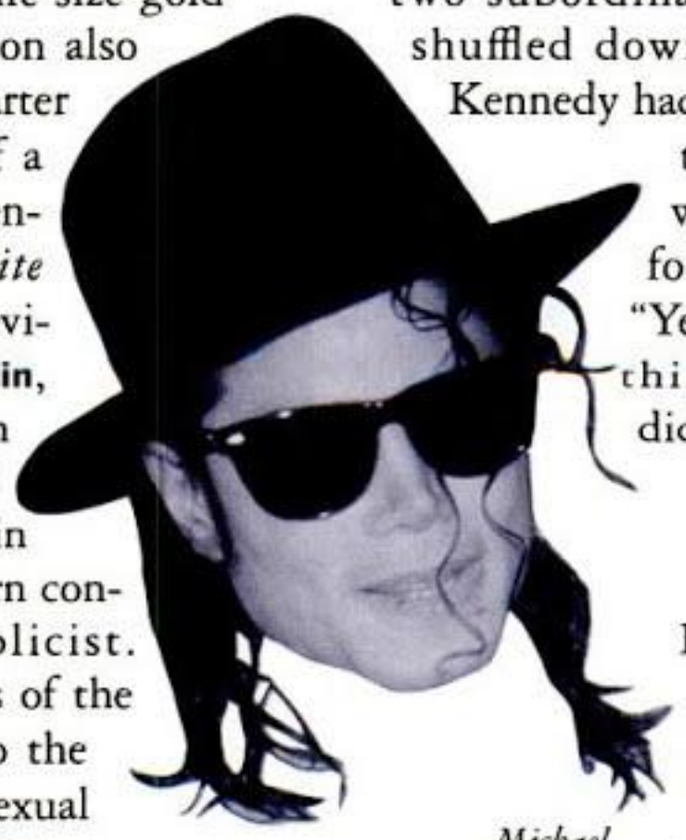
The furor surrounding **Michael Jackson**'s violent *Black or White* video evidently compelled the Caucasoid singer to pull several face-saving stunts in order to cast himself in the right light. First Jackson's people offered a couple of Michael-canonizing suggestions during negotiations for Jackson's appearance on MTV's tenth-anniversary special on ABC. MTV—which had already accommodated Jackson by renaming its annual award for video creativity after Jackson—was asked (and declined) to present the star with a life-size gold version of the award statuette. Jackson also demanded (unsuccessfully) that a quarter of the 60-minute special consist of a *Making of Black or White* minidocumentary. Later, when the *Black or White* hubbub was in full swing, Jackson evidently asked his manager, **Sandy Gallin**, to orchestrate a paparazzi event in which Jackson would be photographed escorting professional virgin **Brooke Shields** to dinner. Gallin in turn contacted **Lee Solters**, Jackson's publicist. Solters's office obligingly leaked news of the impending Jackson-Shields liaison to the press, and sure enough, when the asexual couple's limousine arrived at the appointed Topanga health-food restaurant, the cameras clicked and whirred, and Jackson feigned surprise and discomfort at the spectacle. After Jackson and Shields went inside, Jackson's chauffeur questioned members of the assembled press throng about who had tipped them off. The response—"Lee Solters"—must have displeased Jackson, the man who had demanded all the *Hard Day's Night*–style hysteria in the first place: The day after the big "date," the star apparently yelled at his handlers, who in turn phoned the paparazzi to yell at them.



Joe

2

Their Palm Beach ordeal has apparently taught the Kennedys a lesson: If you're going to engage in unseemly public behavior, do so in the company of flunkies who will escort you to bed before you do anything tabloid-headline-worthy. Congressman **Joe Kennedy** wisely employed this strategy one recent Washington evening. Though it was only eight-thirty, Kennedy was sufficiently groggy that he could no longer walk without the assistance of two subordinates, who held him up as they shuffled down Pennsylvania Avenue. Once Kennedy had been deposited in a Capitol Hill townhouse, one of the retainers went to a pay phone to issue the following report to headquarters: "Yeah, we got him home....I don't think anyone saw him. And he didn't do anything *too* stupid."



Michael

3

Recently Joe Kennedy's nonrapist cousin **Maria Shriver** interviewed Paramount Pictures chief **Brandon Tartikoff** for her NBC infotainment show, *First Person With Maria Shriver*. Since Tartikoff was until eight months ago NBC's Entertainment-division president, the two had much to talk about after the interview. But Shriver reportedly neglected to detach her clip-on mike, and her confidential chat with Tartikoff—and her expressions of unhappiness over the way Tartikoff's former colleagues were handling her contract negotiations—were broadcast to the crew. Not long afterward, Shriver's conflicts with NBC were miraculously resolved—and Paramount's purchase of some chunk of the network was said to be imminent.



Maria

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The Wages of Sin...

...Are Really Low When the Sin Is Sexual Harassment

Since the Clarence Thomas hearings sensitized employers to the grave problem of sexual harassment, many of them are now wondering, *What's a friendly overture going to cost me?* Probably not that much, it turns out. Here are the outcomes of some recent cases where women filed suit and *won*:

Case No. 1: A building super fondled his assistant's knee, kissed her neck and attempted to kiss her on the lips. **Penalty:** No punitive damages, just court costs and attorney's fees.

Case No. 2: A boss frequently propositioned a subordinate and referred to his "little banger." **Penalty:** $1 in damages, plus costs and attorney's fees.

Case No. 3: One co-worker of a female truck driver propositioned her over his CB radio; another tried to drag her into his truck; another fondled her breast; 37 of them wagered over who would first have sex with her. **Penalty:** The company remitted back pay, *less* her earnings from jobs held after her departure.

Case No. 4: An executive asked a secretary if she "fooled around," phoned her and asked her to pant heavily, and instructed a colleague to take a photograph up her dress. **Penalty:** $3,065.48 in back pay.

Case No. 5: A coffee-shop manager grabbed a waitress's breasts, unzipped her uniform, exposed himself and wore an I GAGGED LINDA LOVELACE T-shirt. **Penalty:** $12,563 in back pay, plus interest, costs and fees.

Case No. 6: A supervisor called an employee named Phyllis "Syphilis" and called other female workers "Fat-ass" and "Dyke." **Penalty:** Actual damages of $200, punitive damages of $50,000, plus back pay and costs.

—Gina Duclayan

Private Lives of Public Figures

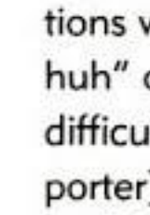


Justice Clarence Thomas greets the day before heading off to work.

Illustration by Drew Friedman

The Fine Print

by Jamie Malanowski



Complete Sentences, Springsteen-Style

The long-standing lawsuit filed by two roadies against Bruce Springsteen was recently settled. The official court record didn't reveal much, but it did offer this exchange from one of the Boss's depositions:

Lawyer taking the deposition: A couple of rules about traffic. We all have ways of answering questions with a yup, or "uh-huh" or "um-hmm."...It is difficult for [the court reporter] to take that down and then put it into a transcript so someone else can read it and then understand whether you were saying yes or no....So, I may from time to time stop you and say just answer it yes or no....

Springsteen: Um-hmm.



Complete Sentences, Criminal-Style

In our zany, chaotic world, we sometimes lose sight of the good things in life: the laughter of a child, a rose in bloom, a parking place near the restaurant, a good stiff sentence meted out to a deserving criminal. ▶

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For anyone who has been denying himself the pleasure of the latter, here is our annual review:

Pamela Smart, the New Hampshire teacher who plotted with her teenage lover to kill her husband: life in prison

Gary and Gloria Shipley, convicted of murder after forcing his five-year-old daughter to drink pepper-laced milk: 65 years each

Kirtanananda Swami Bhaktipada, the leader of a Hare Krishna commune in West Virginia who authorized the murder and beating of followers in order to protect his multimillion-dollar production of counterfeit Snoopy T-shirts, caps and bumper stickers: 30 years

Julio Gonzalez, the Happy Land arsonist–mass murderer: 25 years to life

Richard Miller, the FBI agent who slept with and gave secrets to a Soviet spy: 20 years

Christian Brando, who pleaded guilty to shooting his half sister's lover: 10 years

Harrison Sweet, an Oklahoma man who stole his sister's piggy bank at knifepoint: 10 years

Don Dixon, a savings-and-loan wheeler-dealer convicted of 23 counts of bank fraud: three concurrent 5-year terms

David G. Bojorquez, who charged thousands of dollars' worth of champagne, dinners and limousine rides to Steven Spielberg: 3 years

Jack Love, a Houston lawyer who intemperately ▶

Naked City

The Grand Tetons: A Smutty French Joke?

Or Just Another Puerile SPY Prank?



Having been reliably informed that the arguably breastlike Grand Teton Mountains in Wyoming were given their name by vulgar French trappers, SPY decided to launch an indignant campaign to get the mountains' name changed. Pretending to be the Committee to Restore Decency to Our National Parks, we wrote the following letter to various public officials and known activists:

We are embarking on a campaign to officially change the name of Grand Teton National Park. This is not a frivolous effort. Grand Teton, famous for its mountains, is actually a French phrase that means—and I apologize for this indelicacy, but this is the literal definition—"Big Tit." Though a great many Americans may be oblivious to this vulgarity, hundreds of millions of French people around the world are not! How embarrassing that the spectacular, majestic mountains are reduced to a dirty joke overseas. (And in parts of Canada!)

Though our prank was discovered by a reporter before all of the recipients could reply, we did hear from some folks. Jane Fonda's assistant wrote, "[Ms. Fonda] prefers not to lend her name unless she is personally involved in the specific cause." A White House functionary, responding on behalf of the first lady, said, "We are forwarding your letter to the Department of the Interior for further review."

"I spoke with Grand Teton National Park Lead Ranger Eddie Bowman, who has been working at the park for 17 years," Representative Craig Thomas of Wyoming replied. "He said...he has never been told the name of the park was offensive to any visitor."

"I must tell you that in my 50 years in Wyoming, I have never heard anyone suggest with respect to the Tetons that they are either vulgar or reduced to a dirty joke," answered Governor Mike Sullivan of Wyoming. "*That is not to say that the point you make may not have some basis.*" (Italics ours.)

The National Park Service took three weeks to compose a response. Being sensitive to women's issues, the AP reports, the Service rejected one draft that admitted that a peak "appears to bear a striking resemblance to a female breast." Finally, George Berklacy, chief of the Office of Public Affairs of the National Park Service, wrote back in favor of the status quo: "We are sensitive to your concern, but cannot support an attempt to rewrite history." (Berklacy obviously *just doesn't get it*.)

Senator Strom Thurmond, bless his heart, offered the only encouraging words we received. "It is good to hear from you," the 89-year-old conservative wrote. "Please be assured that I...will certainly keep your views in mind if legislation regarding this issue is brought before the Senate." —*Andrea Rider*

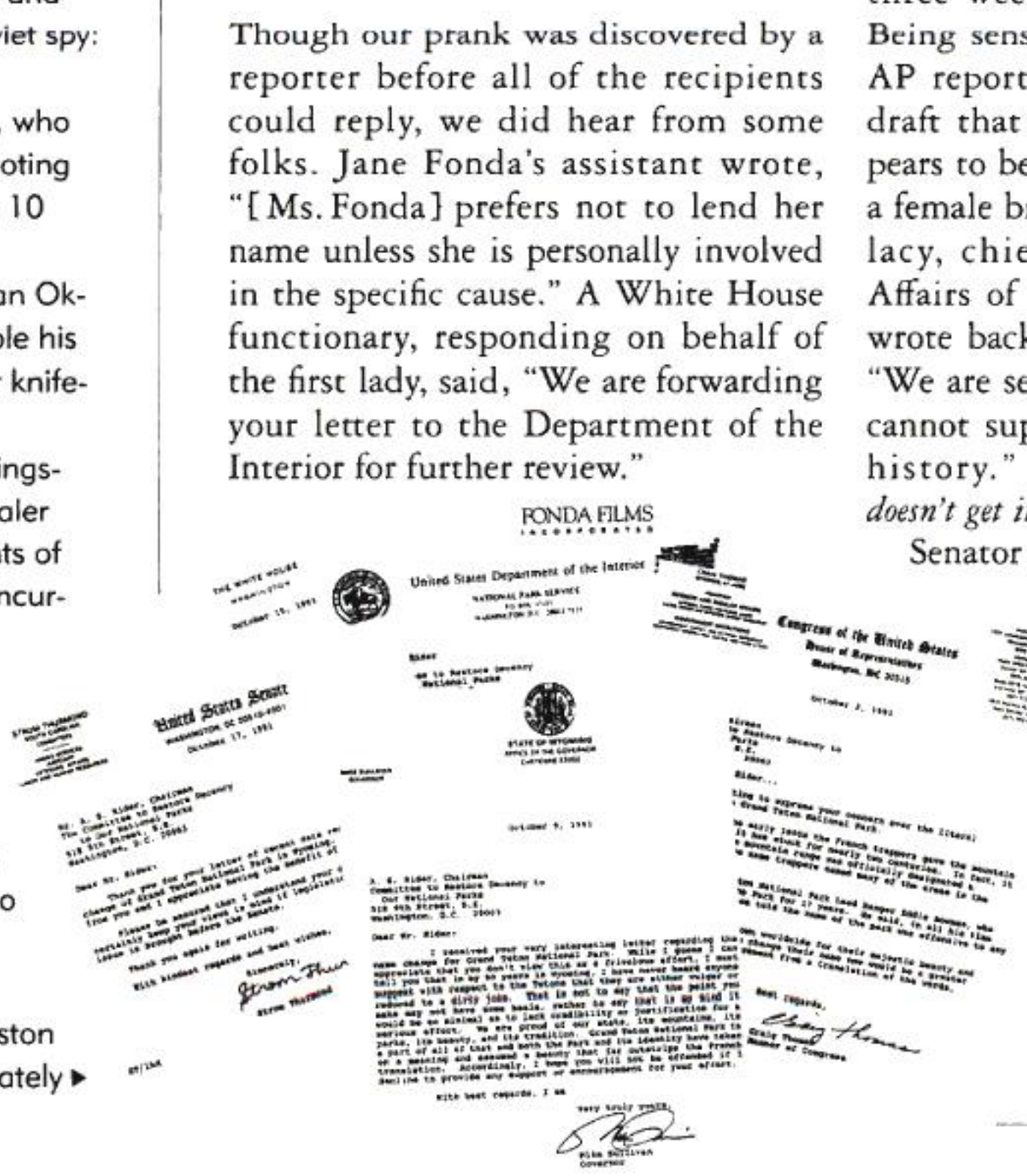


Illustration by Eric Hanson

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Datebook

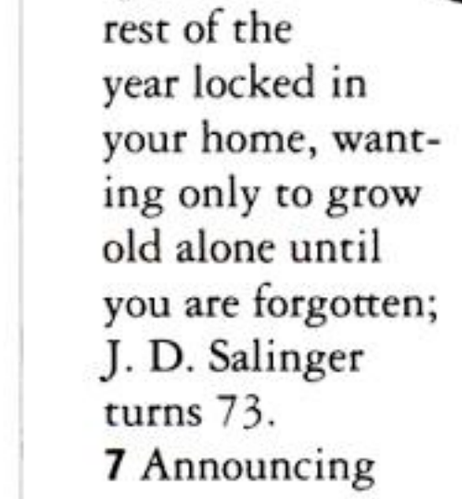
Enchanting and Alarming Events Upcoming



January

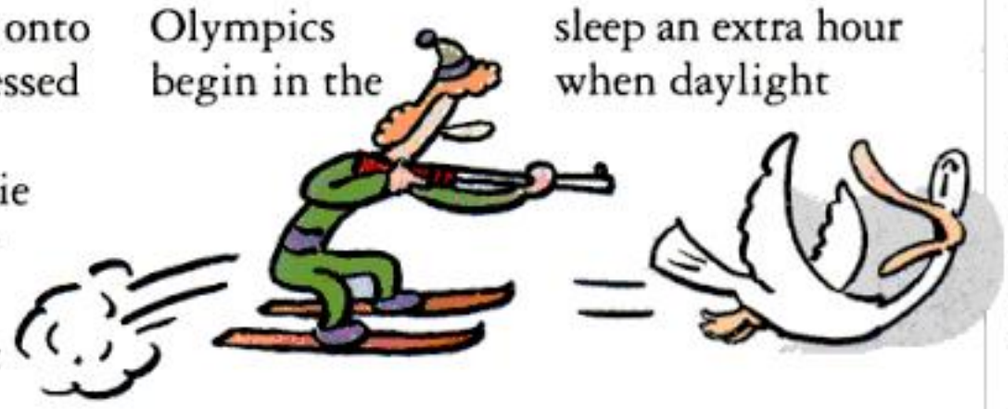
1 New Year's Day. Embarrassed about your behavior last night, you decide to spend the rest of the year locked in your home, wanting only to grow old alone until you are forgotten; J. D. Salinger turns 73.

7 Announcing that "sarcasm is out. Idealism is in," Gentleman Jack whiskey presents the first annual Gentle Spirit Awards. "In a world anxiously awaiting the worst dressed list," says the press release, "one company is applauding the inspiring gentle spirit of 10 Americans," including Barbara Bush, Charles Kuralt and Shelby Foote. Could SPY nominate itself for next year?



"That's a wonderful idea," spokesperson Dana Reece said. "SPY magazine would definitely be a contender." Now how do we get ourselves onto the worst-dressed list?

8 David Bowie born this day in 1947 as David Robert Jones; Soupy Sales, 1930, as Milton Supman; Bill Graham, 1926, as Wolfgang Grajonca; Elvis Aaron Presley, 1935, with his middle name misspelled "Aron" on his birth certificate. If you have a child today, best to leave it nameless and let it choose for itself when it goes into show business.



8 The Winter Olympics begin in the French Alps. This year marks the first time the women's biathlon—in which women on skis carry guns—is a medal event. Too late for a commercial tie-in with the video releases of *Thelma & Louise* and *Terminator 2*.

29 Leap Year Day. In the comics, Cathy tells her boss that just as she is entitled to sleep an extra hour when daylight saving time ends, she gets to sleep an entire day today. Female Middle America chortles with self-recognition.

February

1 The Snack Food Association celebrates National Snack Food Month by promoting the word *snackertain*, "the popular American pastime of enjoying crunchy snacks while watching movies and sporting events with family and friends." The American public embraces the word as eagerly and naturally as it has *fahrvergnügen*.

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29 Leap Year Day. In the comics, Cathy tells her boss that just as she is entitled to sleep an extra hour when daylight saving time ends, she gets to sleep an entire day today. Female Middle America chortles with self-recognition.

Illustrations by Phil Marden

Blurb-o-Mat Capsule Reviews by Walter Monheit™, the Movie Publicist's Friend



FALLING FROM GRACE, directed by and starring John Mellencamp (Columbia) ℘℘℘

Walter Monheit says, **"John's *Grace* is amazing—he's a Hoosier Woody! Make it hurt so good, Oscar!"**

UNDER SUSPICION, starring Liam Neeson, Laura San Giacomo (Columbia) ℘℘℘

Walter Monheit says, **"Laura steals the show, and—*ooof!*—she's a *prime* culprit, *mes amis*! I wouldn't mind fingering *her* in a lineup!"**

PAST MIDNIGHT, starring Rutger Hauer, Natasha Richardson (New Line) ℘℘℘

Walter Monheit says, **"Hit the sack, Harrison and Dustin—Oscar's waiting up for the *Midnight* Hauer!"**

What the monocles mean: ℘℘℘ *—excellent;* ℘℘℘℘ *—indisputably a classic*

rejoined, "I remember when Jews couldn't take the bench," to a judge reprimanding him: 6 months and a $500 fine

Shane Heskin, a Syracuse teenager who secretly videotaped his sexual encounters with two other youths: 2 months

Michael Burke, who threw a beer can at Mayor Dinkins at the Saint Patrick's Day Parade: a week of volunteer work in the Mayor's Office for the Lesbian and Gay Community

Dana Plato, the *Diff'rent Strokes* star, guilty of robbing a video store: 5 years' probation, plus 400 hours of community service

Tyne Daly, who played Detective Mary Beth Lacey on TV and pleaded guilty to drunk driving: 3 years' probation, a $916 fine and 90 days in rehab

David Hampton, the real-life *Six Degrees of Separation* scam artist, guilty of submitting a forged document: 3 years' probation

Vanilla Ice, who pleaded no contest to weapons charges: 2 years' probation and a $1,782 fine, and must produce an antidrug video or donate $10,000 to charity

Elliott Abrams, ▸

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the former State Department official who withheld information from Congress: 2 years' probation and 100 hours of community service

Pee-wee Herman, who pleaded no contest to indecent exposure: a $50 fine, court costs and community service



That Obscure Object of Jeopardy

American consumers may love *things*, but alas, things—even beloved things like electric nose-hair clippers and loofah sponges—can kill. The U.S. Consumer Product Safety Commission annually keeps an eye on more than 800 ordinary household objects and products and, by looking at the records of a representative sample of hospital emergency rooms, discerns how many injuries nationwide are connected to each product. (The CPSC is careful to warn us not to say the injuries were "caused by" objects; perhaps the CPSC does not wish to be judgmental about the injury-causing properties of an inanimate object that cannot count on, say, Senator Arlen Specter to come in and defend it.) The totals invite some stunning projections of how America hurts itself.

For example, the CPSC projects that there were 3,400 injuries related to wringer washing machines, 14,676 injuries related to vacuum cleaners, ▶



If Cyndi Lauper Married Bryan Adams...

The early 1980s left us little in the way of a cultural legacy: The mention of DeLoreans, *Trapper John, M.D.* or Mary Lou Retton elicits a glimmer of recognition at best. But recently members of the Specials and the English Beat, two once popular, now defunct early-eighties bands, united to form the Special Beat. Below are some suggestions for how similarly disbanded or irrelevant groups could rekindle public interest in the 1990s. *—Daniel Radosh*

Actual Early-1980s Band No. 1		Actual Early-1980s Band No. 2		New Band		1990s Relevance
Men Without Hats	+	Men At Work	=	Men Without Work	→	Recession-themed pop
Tears for Fears		Psychedelic Furs		Tears for Furs		Animal-rights-activist pop
Spandau Ballet		X		Spandex Ballet		Dancercise-class music
Berlin		Quiet Riot		Berlin Riot		Gloomy, post-new-world-order music
Duran Duran		Soft Cell		Duracell		Corporate-sponsorship-ready pop

The SPY List

Steven Adler
John Belushi
A. Whitney Brown
Lenny Bruce
Judy Carne
Jim Carroll
Eric Clapton
Marianne Faithfull
Corey Feldman
David Kennedy
Gene "Big Daddy" Lipscomb
Joe Perry
Dan Rather
Keith Richards
Axl Rose
Slash
James Taylor
Johnny Thunders
Steven Tyler
Sid Vicious

President Garbo Your Leaders Speak:

As Up-Close-and-Personal With Bill Clinton As We Can Get



As part of its continuing effort to help American voters get to know the candidates in Campaign '92, SPY this month attempts to talk with Arkansas governor Bill Clinton.

SPY: *Hello.*

CLINTON SPOKESMAN RICHARD MINTZ: Hi, I'm calling regarding your interview request for the governor. I'm afraid we won't be able to make it happen.

Why?

We're pretty busy and all.

But the interview will only take a few minutes.

We're busy with fundraising and all.

The other campaigns were able to make time.

Well, the thing is, I guess, is that SPY is just not our type of publication.

What do you mean?

It's just not the image we want. Not the type of audience we want to associate with the campaign. Sorry.

What do you mean?

Look, it's just not right for us to do it with SPY. Please don't ask me for particulars.

But what about our readers?

I'm sorry.

—Michael Hainey

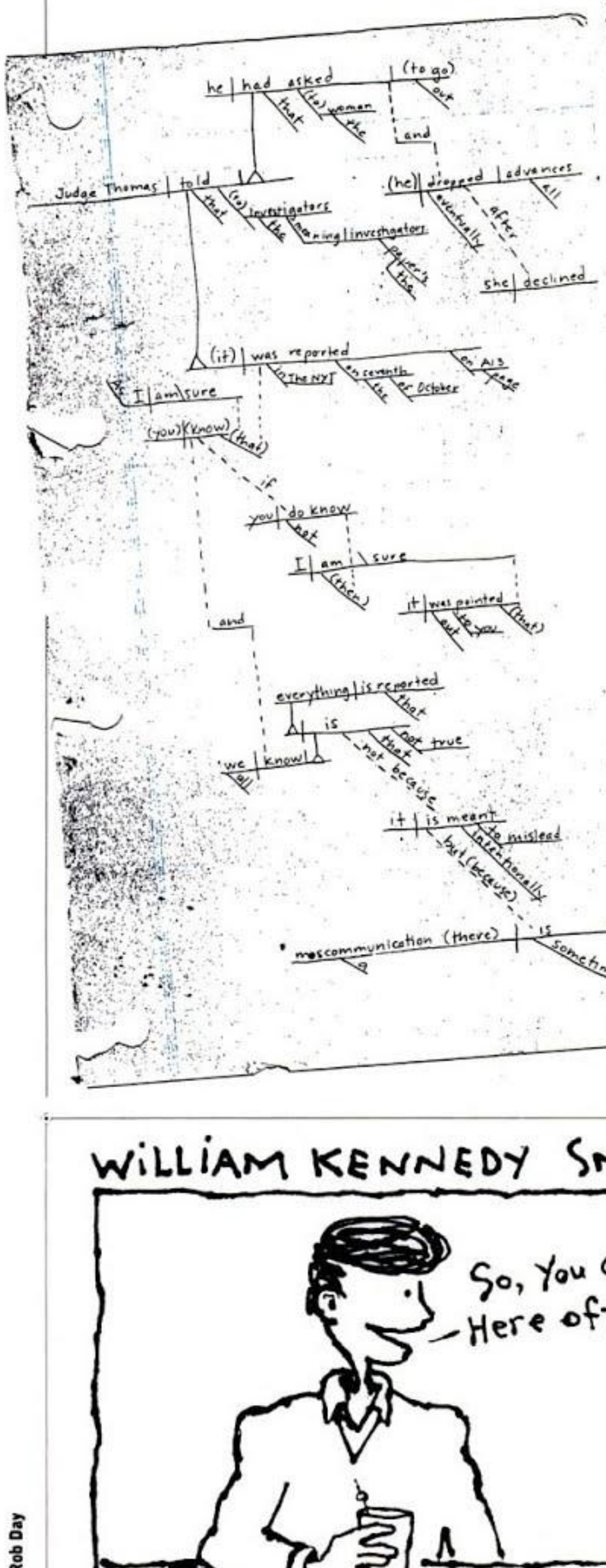
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Why Johnny Can't Read the *Congressional Record*

After watching the Clarence Thomas confirmation hearings last fall, most Americans concluded that Anita Hill was eloquent, that Thomas was eloquent and that the 14 senators on the panel were jerks who tended to treat thoughts as things that had to be surrounded by blasts of convoluted speechifying. Today controversy continues to rage, not about who was lying but about just which parts of speech some of the senators were using. To help settle these disputes, we have taken a typical sentence uttered by Senator Joseph Biden, the windy chairman of the committee ("*As I'm sure—if you don't know, I'm sure it was pointed out to you, and we all know that everything that is reported isn't true, not because it is intentionally meant to mislead, but sometimes there is a miscommunication—it was reported in* The New York Times *on the seventh of October on page A13 that Judge Thomas told the investigators, meaning the paper's investigators, that he had asked the woman out a few times, and, after she declined, eventually dropped all advances*"), and diagrammed it, according to the principles we learned in junior high.

—Daniel Radosh and Wendi Williams





8,161 related to dishwashers and 4,785 related to microwave ovens. There were 2,412 injuries related to ironing boards, 3,201 related to clocks and 1,670 related to drinking straws. There were a whopping 26,933 injuries related to waste containers or trash baskets. There were 8,542 injuries related to tie or belt racks, more than the total related to scissors (7,516) or to toothpicks or hors d'oeuvres picks (7,831). A total of 11,440 people were injured while relating to their stereos or stereo accessories, far fewer than the 34,760 injured while relating to their toilets, and nowhere near the estimated 262,000 people who sustained emergency-room-class injuries in some relation to their beds. Decorative yard equipment was implicated in 7,996 injuries, and genital-area products—sprays, creams, douches and the like—in 6,133. Outerwear figured in 4,706 injuries, nightwear in 1,994, daywear in 18,065. There were 26,641 injuries related—and isn't this bitterly ironic?—to first-aid equipment. Finally, the items implicated in an astounding 704,828 injuries, the most associated with any object or product, were floors or flooring materials. In other words, *every year, one of every 100 American families suffers a serious floor-related injury!* This suggests at least one conclusion: An injured American will always find something to blame, even if it is only the thing that stopped his fall.



Cartoon by Rob Day

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An Industry Speaks With One Voice

Americans fret about how Japanese corporations manage to join together, forming alliances (*keiretsus*) for the common good. Despite some recent progress (viz., IBM and Apple), we still tend to maintain a fussy view of such behavior as "anticompetitive." But one sector of our economy seems to have already put into place a healthy form of collusion, judging by the ads in the 1991–92 NYNEX Yellow Pages.

Whom is our escort service for?

International Escorts For those who are accustomed to only the very best.

Regency For those accustomed to only the very finest.

Paradise For gentlemen with exquisite taste.

Entre Nous For those who appreciate elegance. For only the most discriminating.

A After Hours For the discriminating client.

Prestige Catering to the discriminating executive who requires personal attention.

Number One Park Avenue Catering to the discriminating, accustomed to the very finest in life.

Tre' [*sic*] Chic For the most discriminating, who appreciate the finer things in life.

Illusion When you deserve the best.

Femmes Cosmopolites For those who will not settle for second best.

How are our hostesses chosen?

Crown We carefully select our escorts for their poise, charm, intelligence, and beauty.

Regency Selected for their beauty, personality, and charm.

Prestige Our hostesses are selected for their beauty, poise, and elegance.

The Platinum Club Our hostesses are chosen for their beauty, charm, and poise.

Who are our hostesses?

International Escorts Our escorts are models, beauty queens, actors/actresses....

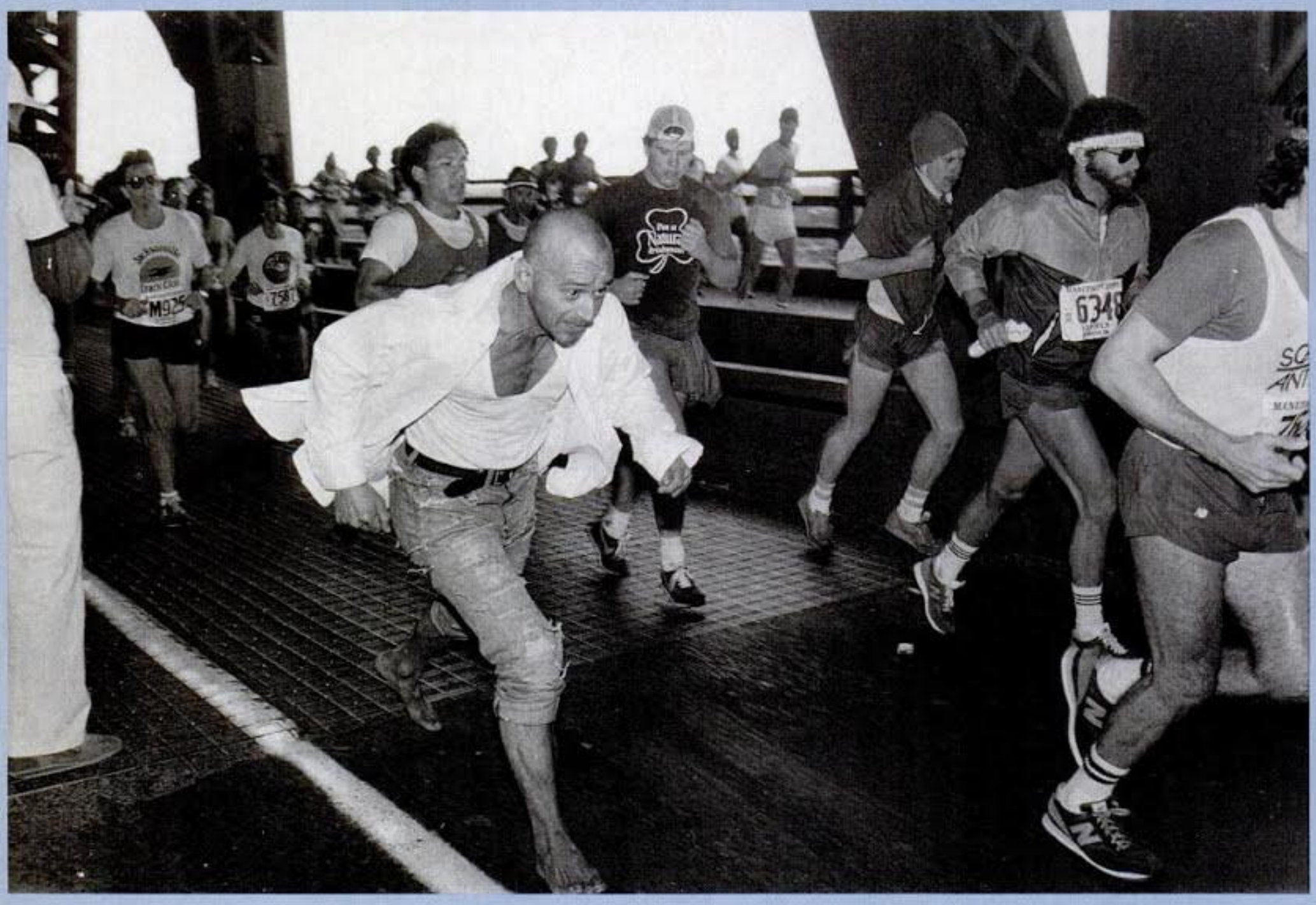
A-1 Escorts ...Models, beauty queens, actresses....

Regency Models and entertainers....

Paradise Lovely models, actresses, & dancers.

—*Andy Aaron*

It's a Wonderful Town!



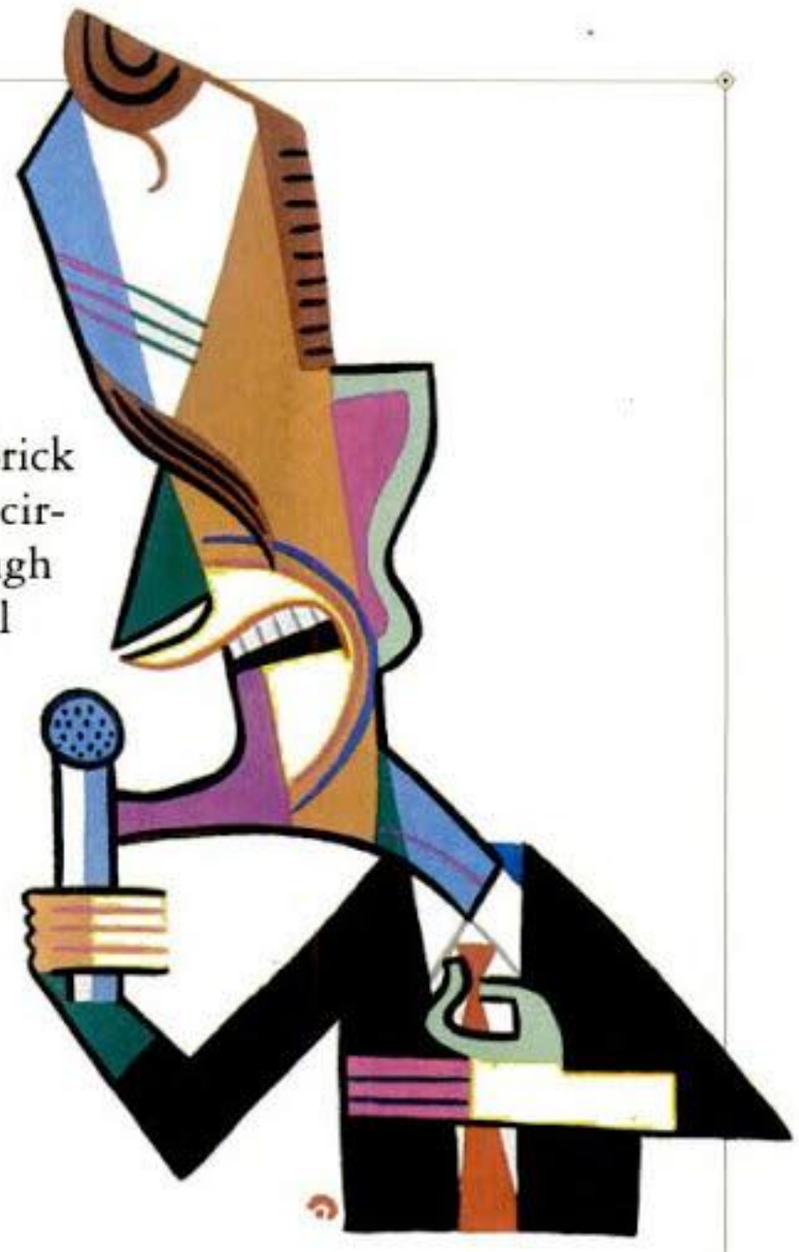
New York City Marathon runners crossing the 59th Street Bridge

Photograph by Andrew Savulich

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"I Just Flew In from Moscow, and Lemme Tell Ya..."

The 1991 George Bush Campus Laff-Off



Ask anyone who has put on a cheap sport jacket and stood in front of a brick wall: There's no better place to hone your standup chops than on the college circuit. George Bush took his act on a campus tour not long ago; there were tough crowds, but with a well-placed reference to a college president here, a local burger joint there, Bush showed host-of-*Evening-at-the-Improv* potential.

"Mayor Daniels, it's nice to be back in the city....May I single out Yale's band. They've cleaned up for today, and they've never been better....[*To hecklers*] *Si res prehensio en mano est non oves sic vacio*. That means, 'If you're holding up the sign, you can't throw eggs.' [*At Yale.*]

"I'm sorry I'm a little late. I flunked my room inspection at Kennebunkport this morning. Barbara gave me 20 demerits. Then it took time to talk the pilot of Air Force One, Colonel Barr, out of doing [an] Immelmann [turn] over this stadium. [*At the Air Force Academy.*]

"Also, let me say it was good of you to invite a Navy man to speak at West Point. I left the goat outside, but I'm glad to be here. You know, it's really something to look out over this outstanding audience. Now I know how Bob Hope feels. [*At West Point.*]

"You know, [Howard University] president Harvey is an avid tennis player. Really avid. When I shook his hand, he corrected my grip. [*At Howard.*]

"And may I single out at the outset [a] special guest... Congressman Sonny Montgomery of Mississippi, a great supporter of a strong military. [*Applause.*] You guys better cheer—he's a major general also....

"And last, but certainly not least, let me single out a friend of our country—[Saudi Arabian] Ambassador Bandar....And look, don't hold it against him that he's a fighter pilot. [*At West Point.*]

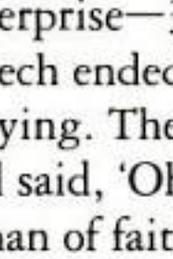
"Barbara and I spent a good part of our senior year thinking about, literally, becoming farmers. We talked about life on the land and rising early and working hard and raising a crop and a family. And we looked into the finances of running a farm. In the end, we decided against the whole idea....Of course, there was only one alternative: I went west and became an oilman. [*At Yale.*]

"Let me tell you about Yale.... A minister gave [a] speech. *Y*, of course, was for youth. That took 40 minutes. *A*, altruism—brushed that one off in 20 minutes. *L* was for loyalty—45 minutes. *E*, for enterprise—30 minutes. The speech ended. There was one guy praying. The minister went over and said, 'Oh, son, I'm glad to see a man of faith here. What were you praying for?' He said, 'I was giving thanks that I didn't go to the California Institute of Technology.' [*Heckling.*] This is mild compared to what I normally run into....I hear that the computer [here] is so advanced, it can actually calculate the number of 'Tommy's Burgers' you all eat. And I am told—this may be farfetched—that it can reprogram the scoreboard at the Rose Bowl even faster....CalTech is one of the few schools in the country where *PC* has always stood for 'personal computer.' Thank you for your hospitality. And may God bless each and every one of you. [*At CalTech.*]"

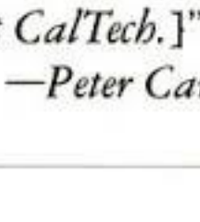
—*Peter Carlin*

Illustration by David Cowles

Sing, Muse! (Or at Least Tell Me What Books to Read)



"I remember back on orientation, a Pittsburgh dope fiend I talked to a lot returned to the day room one afternoon without any teeth. We played cards for a while, but I excused myself because I couldn't stand his new mushy voice and the way the blood crept up the Lucky Strike cigarette that he kept in the corner of his mouth." —KENTUCKY HAM (1973), by William Burroughs Jr.



"I crave for it to be Wark because he is a mad cunt who has recently had all his teeth pulled and I can't bear his new mushy voice and the way his fag-ends sometimes go red and heavy in the slack corner of his mouth...."

—SUCCESS (1978), by Martin Amis

—Mark Moylan

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Separated at Birth?



Cute sham David Dinkins...



and cute shaman Yoda?



Sean Penn...



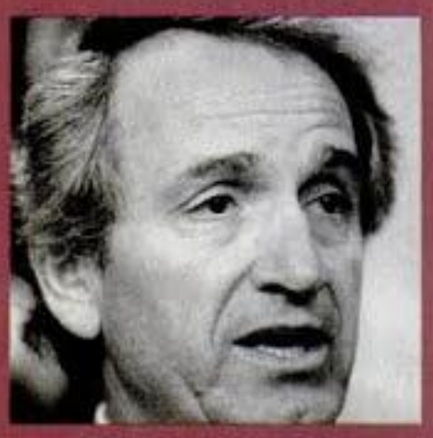
and the young LBJ?



Pat Riley...



and Roy Scheider?



Joke candidate Tom Harkin...



and joke candidate Pat Paulsen?



Van Morrison...



and L. Ron Hubbard?

Meet the Nobelists!

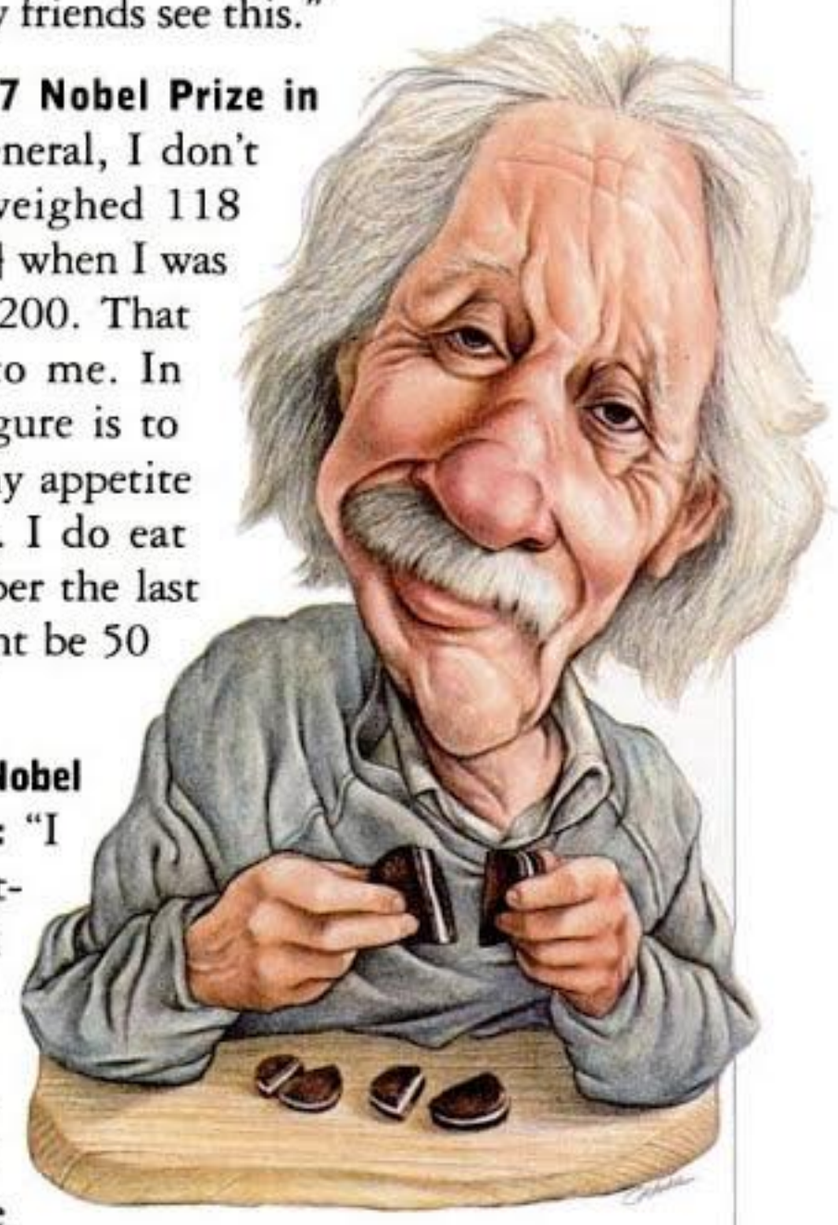
This month's question: What is the best way to eat an Oreo cookie?

Dr. Daniel Nathans, 1978 Nobel Prize in Physiology/Medicine: "I haven't eaten Oreos for a while....I eat *animal* cookies with my granddaughter. I generally bite off the head first, then proceed in a bit more random way to eat the rest....Maybe that sort of, let's say, dehumanizes them....But this is sort of ruminating without any conviction that I've got my finger on anything."

Dr. Hamilton O. Smith, 1978 Nobel Prize in Physiology/Medicine: "I love to take them apart; I don't know why. [Not] completely apart: I like to take one piece off and then the other, with the white filling still on it, [and] I eat that...then I eat the single side, separately. Lots of kids will take off the white stuff and flick it on their plate....They collect it, then eat it last."

Dr. J. Michael Bishop, 1989 Nobel Prize in Physiology/Medicine: "Dunk it in tea. Dunking cookies is part of my heritage—central Pennsylvania. I think it's a way to revive stale baked goods. Oreos may not be stale, but they're certainly crunchy. You dunk them, and then they're nice and soft. I don't eat Oreos now, anyway. It's been years...much to my regret. You dunk it about halfway in and eat half the cookie, then dunk it a quarter, and so forth....I hope none of my friends see this."

Dr. Rosalyn S. Yalow, 1977 Nobel Prize in Physiology/Medicine: "In general, I don't eat Oreos....My mother weighed 118 when she got married, [and] when I was a child, she weighed over 200. That wasn't going to happen to me. In fact, the way I keep my figure is to get on a scale, and I lose my appetite if I've gained any weight. I do eat cookies, but I can't remember the last time I had an Oreo. It might be 50 years ago."



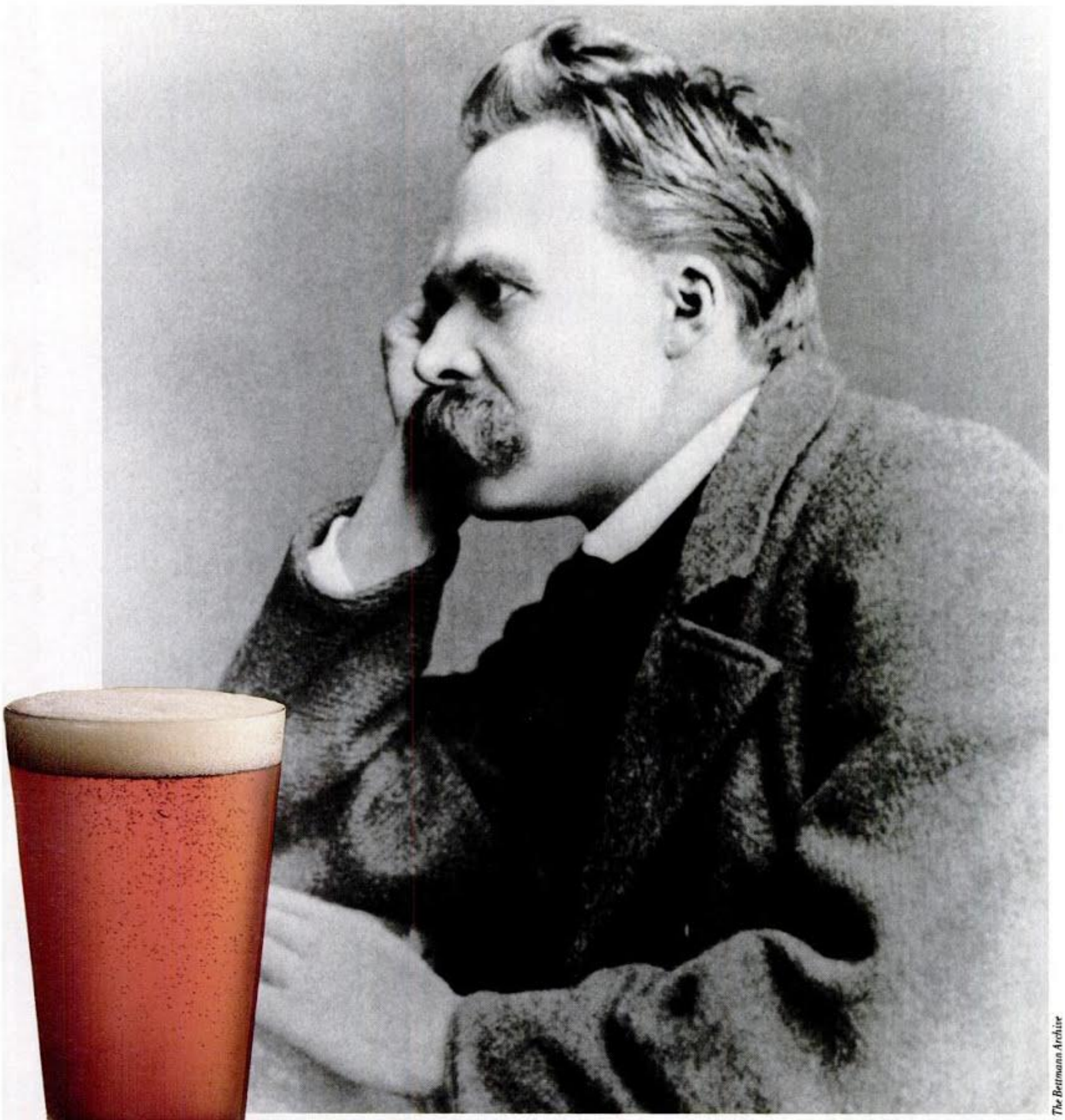
Dr. Baruj Benacerraf, 1980 Nobel Prize in Physiology/Medicine: "I have eaten an Oreo; apparently it is something which happens to one in one's life. My grandchildren love it, and it is put out by Nabisco, right? It is pleasant, but it certainly does not compare with better forms of food. I eat it with two fingers of one hand. Every time I eat a cookie like that, I take it out of the package and eat it, usually in a couple of swallows. I was very careful not to eat any more than that, because I tend to be chubby."

Dr. Gertrude B. Elion, 1988 Nobel Prize in Physiology/Medicine: "Oh, for heaven's sake, what kind of question is that?...I eat them straight out of the package." —*Gregg Stebben*

Illustration by Tim Gabor

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WHY DOES MAN EXIST?



The Bettmann Archive

Friedrich Wilhelm Nietzsche, 1882.

BASS HELPS YOU GET TO THE BOTTOM OF IT ALL.

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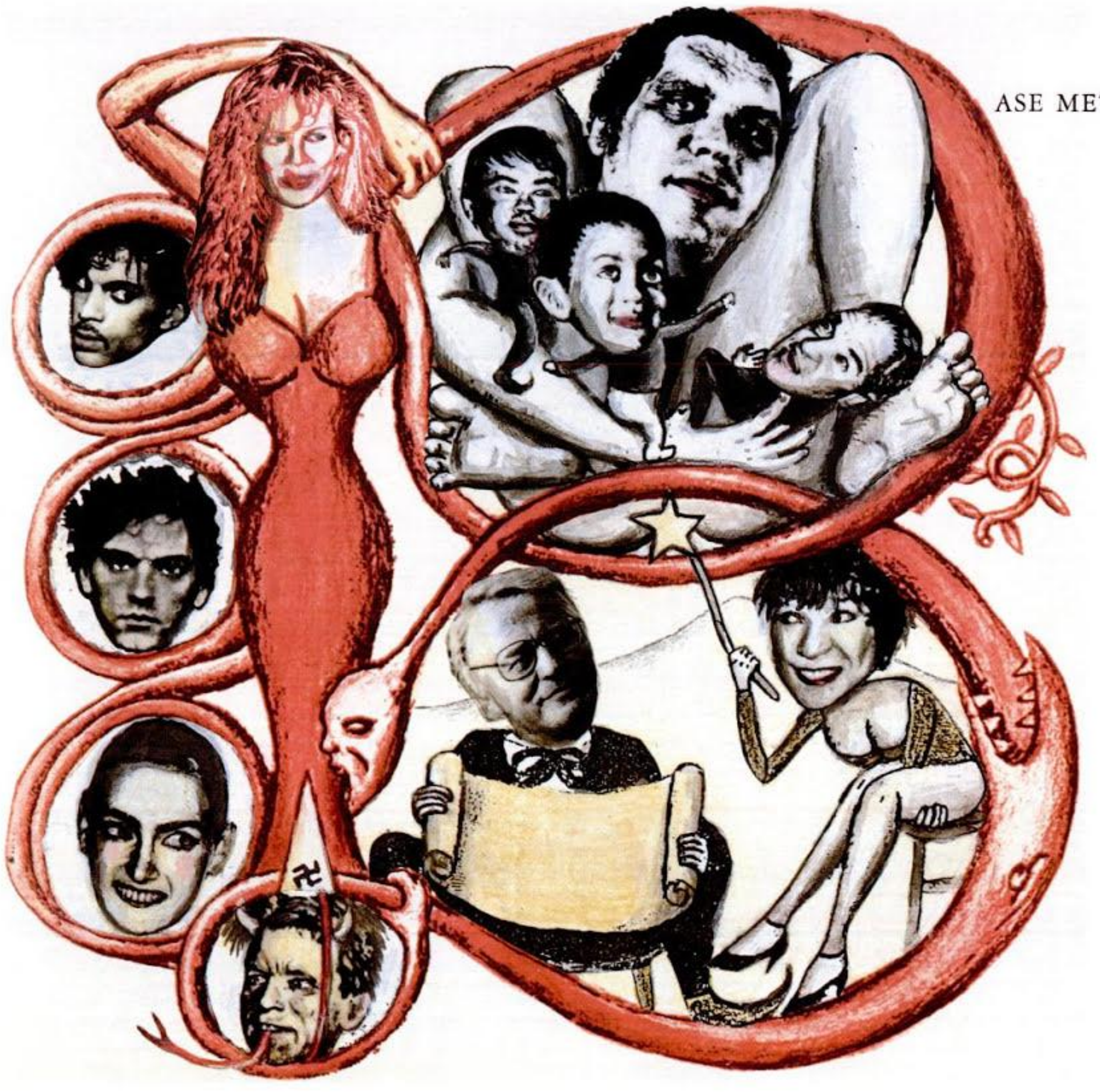
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AMERICAN GOTHIC

WELCOME TO THE NEW DARK AGES

Plague and vermin overrun our cities. Feudal overlords—like William and Joseph Coors, Thanes of Colorado, and Jack Kent Cooke, the Baron of Washington—tyrannize their vassals. Columbus is called a fake. People worship trees and crystals. We are terrified of Islam. What's next—Mead Lite?

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BASE METALS MAY NOT HAVE BEEN ALCHEMIZED INTO GOLD, BUT WE STILL SEEM TO HAVE COME FAR FROM THE IGNORANCE, VASSALDOM AND HARDSHIP OF MEDIEVAL TIMES: IN AMERICA TODAY, SOMEONE (NOT YOU PERSONALLY) ACTUALLY UNDERSTANDS THE LAWS OF PHYSICS; DEMOCRACY, AN AMERICAN SPECIALTY, IS SWEEPING THE WORLD; WITH A PLEASING *CACHURNKA-CACHURNKA*, A CASH MACHINE COUNTS OUT MONEY FOR US ON DEMAND. HOW ADVANCED OUR SOCIETY SEEMS; THE DARK AGES MIGHT AS WELL HAVE BEEN THE JURASSIC FOR ALL THEY SEEM TO HAVE TO DO WITH US. Alas, according to chronicles obtained by SPY, America today has more in common with the eleventh century than we think. The Dark Ages had their Crusades against Muslim villains in the Middle East; we have our Desert Storm. The Dark Ages had cloak-wearing wise men and tree worship, charms and strange female seers; we have Robert Bly and Earth First!, crystals and Shirley Mac-

by John Brodie

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THE DARK AGES HAD FEMALE SEERS AND

Laine. The Dark Ages had dwarfs and giants; we have Herve Villechaize and Henry Kravis, Manute Bol and Andre...the Giant. Wealthy Americans withdraw to gated communities; unwealthy Americans are bound by health benefits to feudally enslaving, paternalist corporations. Sinéad O'Connor looks and acts like a martyr; she has been cast to play Joan of Arc in an upcoming film. Kim Basinger, who owns a town, participated in a dynastic coupling with Prince, who practices droit du seigneur and is named Prince. We have *no idea* how the cash machine and other devices really work their spells, and so we experience as much faith and mystery and magic each day as did anyone who believed in dragons. David Duke was a wizard. Hamlet was a brooding, black-wearing spoiled college kid who hated his stepfather and had a crazy girlfriend; in other words, he would have loved R.E.M. Welcome to the New Dark Ages.

Contrary to what ten-year-old boys may think, the most important characteristic of the medieval period was not the practice of pouring boiling oil onto your enemies as they scaled the walls of your castle but rather the social system known as feudalism, a system "in which great landowners or hereditary overlords exact revenue from the land and also exercise the functions of government in their domains," according to the baronial *Oxford English Dictionary*. The most prominent aspect of Neo-Medieval America, too, is the presence of feudalish duchies scattered across the country, ruled by lords who demand and get craven fealty from their modern-day vassals. A republic should not countenance such arrangements, and indeed, in his masterpiece *Democracy in America*, De Tocqueville probably wrote something that we should quote at this point. As you read the tales that follow, consider that a new millennium is coming, but it may be the wrong one.



RANDLY UNDERSTATED IN ITS DISPLAYS OF WEALTH, HOBE SOUND, FLORIDA, COMPLETELY LACKS ANY MEDIEVAL PAGEANTRY OTHER THAN THE BRIGHT PINKS AND YELLOWS OF THE MALE INHABITANTS' COCKTAIL PANTS. IT IS RULED BY A TERRORIZING OVERLORD, HOWever, and it does have the greatest number of aristocrats per square mile of any town in the United States. Situated on Jupiter Island, 25 miles north of Palm Beach—itself a feudal enclave, complete with drawbridges—Hobe Sound came into being in the early 1930s when Palm Beach blue bloods became distressed at the arrival of such parvenus as Joseph P. Kennedy. Today the names marking the driveways along Hobe Sound's main street still read like a list in an anarcho-syndicalist's nightmare: FORD, VANDERBILT, MELLON. Outsiders are not welcome. In fact, the community is so inhospitable that once, when a contributing editor of this magazine visiting there called the island's Episcopal church about Sunday services, she was told, "We don't give directions."

When Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Verner Reed purchased the Jupiter Island Club back in the 1930s for $25,000, they got a dilapidated resort with rooms for about 100 guests and an 18-hole golf course in addition to 2,500 acres of land. As the Reeds sold off parcels to their friends over the years, they were picky about whom they consorted with. Indeed, until only a few years ago, any family that hoped to join the club would have to spend three probationary winters on the island under Mrs. Reed's watchful eye. If she found the squire or his family unworthy of elevation, she would dispatch a footman to give him...a black sweater. The sweater's message was well known: *Stay warm on the trip north; you've been banished*. The black sweater made its debut during the 1950s when a young woman was showing too much cleavage at a club dance. Mrs. Reed covered the offending mammae with her own black sweater, and legend has it that the sweatered woman was off the island the next day. George Bush spent the winter vacations of his childhood at Hobe Sound and even gave Mrs. Reed's son Joseph the feudal job of U.S. chief of protocol. Bush's mother still has a house in Hobe Sound, and since Mrs. Reed rules Mrs. Bush, and Mrs. Bush probably rules her son, the 85-year-old Mrs. Permelia Reed is the most powerful woman in the world.

Of course, the real demonstration of Mrs. Reed's feudal power will be her success in passing her overlordship on to a male heir. Nathaniel Reed, who is 58, inherited the presidency of Hobe Sound Co., which manages the Jupiter Island Club, from his mother seven seasons ago. As an "environmentalist," he has one of those princeling nonjob jobs that should leave him time to attend to his legacy. Nathaniel has been busy—during his tenure, Jupiter Island Club members paid their first assessment ever, $2,500. That may seem trivial, considering that members pay an initiation fee of $50,000 and annual dues of more than $6,000, but it's a start. What was that thing about exacting revenue from the land?

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JONATHON ROSEN

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WISE MEN; WE HAVE SHIRLEY MACLAINE AND ROBERT BLY



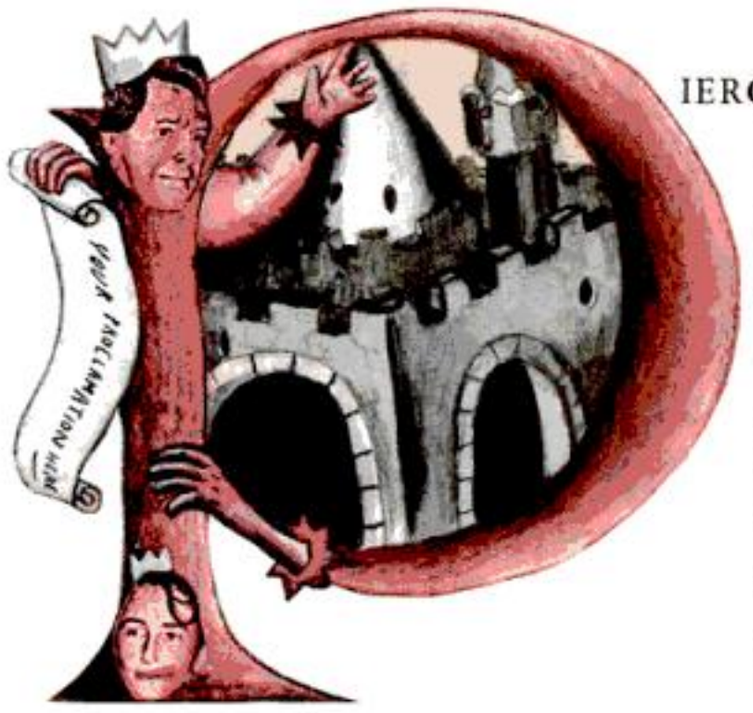
ESTLED IN THE FOOTHILLS OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS, GOLDEN, COLORADO, WAS ONCE A MINING TOWN. TODAY VISITORS ARE WELCOMED BY A GAUDY ARCH THAT READS, "HOWDY FOLKS! WELCOME TO GOLDEN WHERE THE WEST LIVES!" AND SOON enough they see a huge, distinctly unfrontierlike brewery with tall, smoke-spewing chimneys.

If Hobe Sound represents a form of American feudalism that imitates a small, aristocratic, Liechtensteinian principality (Tuxedo Park, New York, is one of many other such communities), Golden is an example of a different version of the feudal system—the one-family company town, where heredity and hierarchy are as important as they were in France in 1214. A Prussian immigrant, Adolph Coors, established the family beer business in Golden in 1873, and five generations later the Coors family still rules the valley. While some locals suggest that in Golden, the Coorses are God, the Coorses would beg to differ. They are all devout Christians, and Joseph Jr., the 49-year-old president of the ceramics division, claims that the Lord God, in fact, spoke to him on a San Diego golf course.

If not gods, then at the very least the Coors family are fearsome oligarchs. They practice *patrocinium*—that feudal custom whereby the master knows what's best for his serfs. Coors workers are no longer unionized, and during a long dispute with the AFL-CIO, Peter Coors, the 45-year-old president of the brewing division, said, "We treat our people well enough that they don't need somebody outside to represent them." Whenever organizers besiege the plant, Coors-family members personally talk with workers *on company time* and say the magic phrase "Keep Coors yours." During these meetings, former CEO Joseph Sr. does not call workers by his private name for them, "monkeys."

Just as the feudal lord was protective of his people yet considered them far inferior to himself—perhaps barely human—so do the Coorses have an affectionate but dismissive attitude toward their laborers. The Occupational Safety and Health Administration cited the Coors porcelain division for having the highest likelihood of worker accidents out of more than 100 companies in the Denver area (interestingly, the OSHA regional director was sacked shortly thereafter). Between 1981 and 1984, contaminated wells fed the brewery's water fountains, although this did not affect the company's product; Coors knew about the contamination for almost ten years before reporting it in 1991. The company settled out of court with several government agencies. This was unusual: Even though Coors has a long history of environmental violations, it rarely pays fines. Small businesses with little money or clout, on the other hand, are fined for nearly any infringement. Equality before the law is a bourgeois, Enlightenment notion.

Another bourgeois notion is that one's own behavior should comply with the moral standards one insists on for others. Through their philanthropy the Coorses have encouraged conservatives like Paul Weyrich and his Free Congress Foundation. The FCF, in conjunction with the Heritage Foundation, has advocated the reversal of *Roe* v. *Wade* and the restriction of the availability of divorce. This did not prevent the septuagenarian Joe Coors Sr. from running off with a California woman half his age; his wife divorced him after 47 years of marriage in 1988. And in the original Dark Ages the popes had mistresses.



IERO DELLA FRANCESCA'S DUKE OF URBINO—OR IS IT PRINCE VALIANT?—PROVIDES THE YOUNG SEIGNEUR WITH HIS FASHION CUES. HE TRAVELS FROM HIS PROVINCIAL DOMAIN TO HIS ELABORATE DWELLING IN THE GREAT CITY WITH THE EASE ONLY a nobleman can achieve. He has gathered a court of servitors and learned men around him at his seat, and he has commissioned a huge, cloisterlike edifice as a tribute to himself. He is married to a princess. He made his fortune putting advertising in doctors' offices—all right, maybe the parallel between Chris Whittle and an energetic medieval count is not *perfect*, but it still works pretty well. As in the real Dark Ages, in Neo-Medieval America there are ways for an ambitious young man to enlarge his holdings and raise his rank through noble and courageous deeds on the battlefield—or, as in this case, in marketing.

Whittle is the founder of Whittle Communications, a company that specializes in placing commercials where no one else would ever imagine placing them and that became notorious a couple of years ago for introducing television and advertising into the schools with its news service

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SURELY YOU JO

SPY'S GUIDE TO 1992



SOME CURRENT MEDIEVAL FADS



early music

the reinstallation of the Arms and Armor galleries at the Met

Robin Hood

eating flowers

eating venison and other game

college programs in folklore

New Age medicine

hiring mercenaries

crafts

capital punishment

the Chunnel spanning the English Channel—1066 all over again

courtship without sex

anti-Semitism

illiteracy





DUNGEONS AND DRAGONS

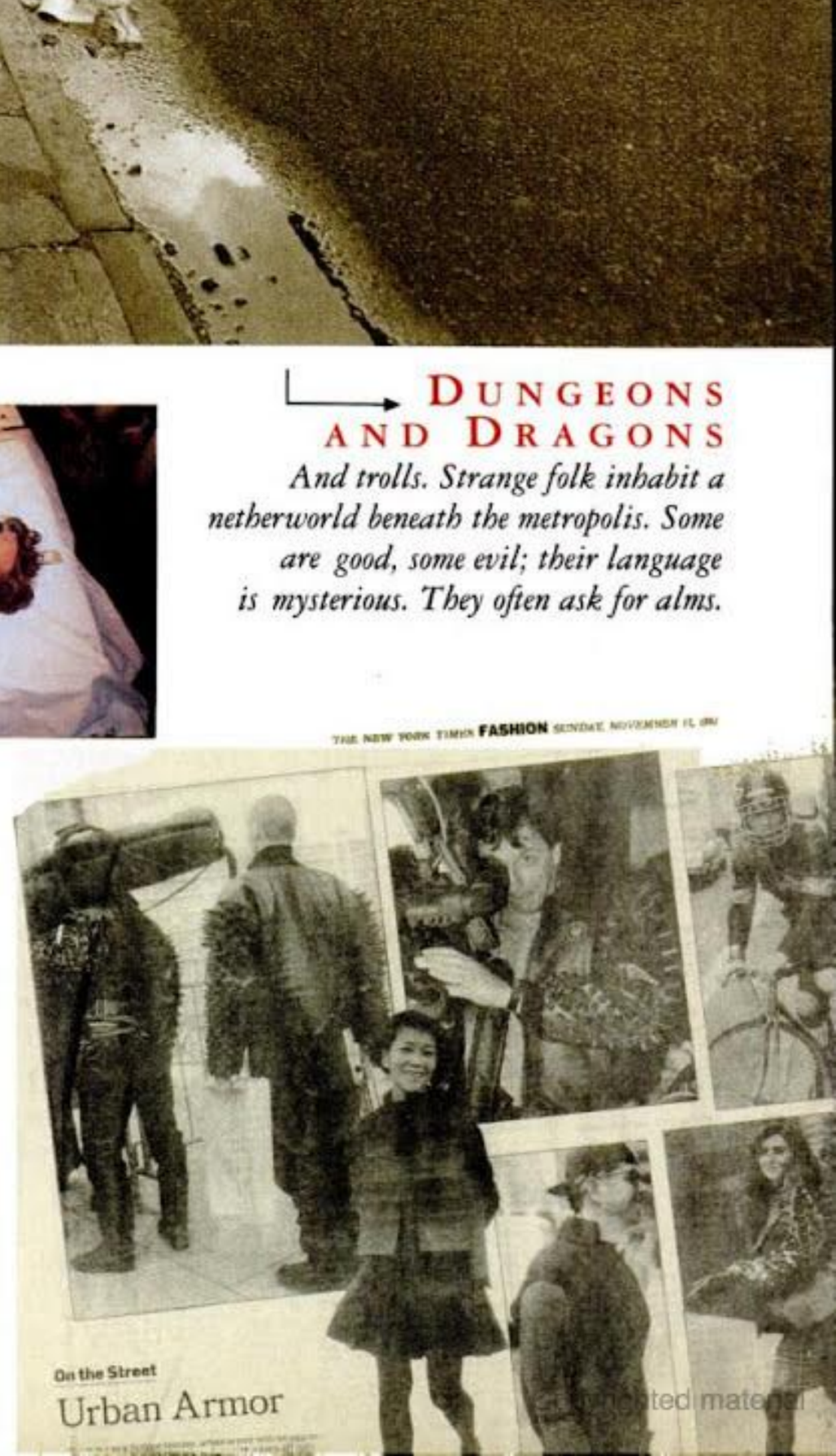
And trolls. Strange folk inhabit a netherworld beneath the metropolis. Some are good, some evil; their language is mysterious. They often ask for alms.

WHITE MAGIC

Many believe that crystal amulets like these contain strong powers for good. Others believe that crystal amulets like these contain strong powers for making people laugh at you derisively.

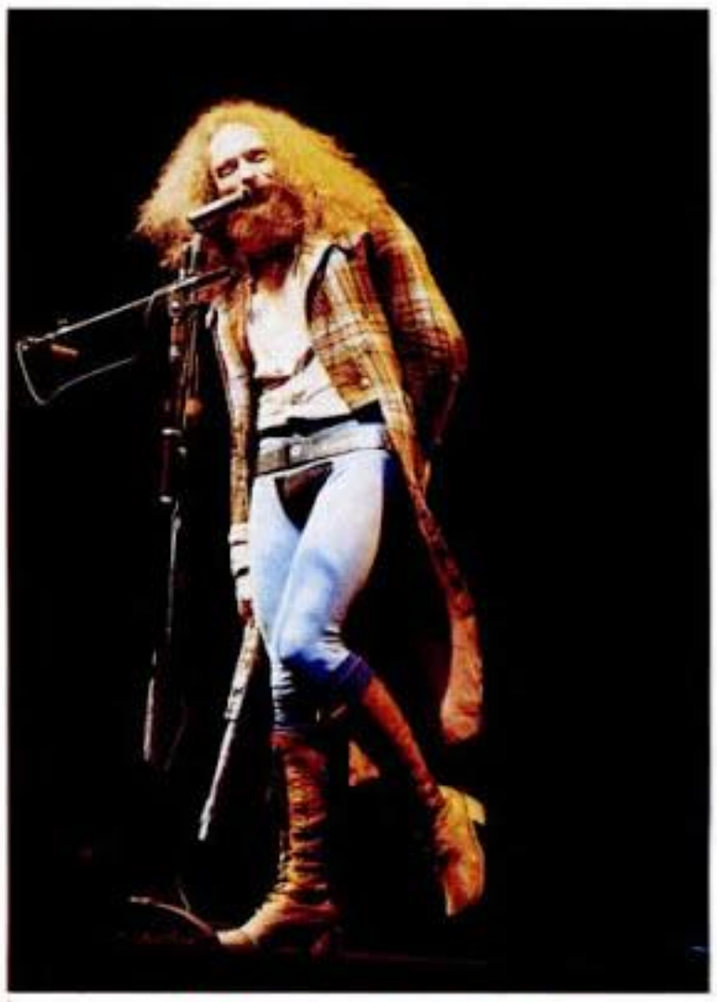
FASHION PLATES

Today's modern flexi-armor, as celebrated here in The New York Times *recently, allows the wearer to mount a horse—or bicycle or sidewalk—without the help of a cumbersome derrick.*



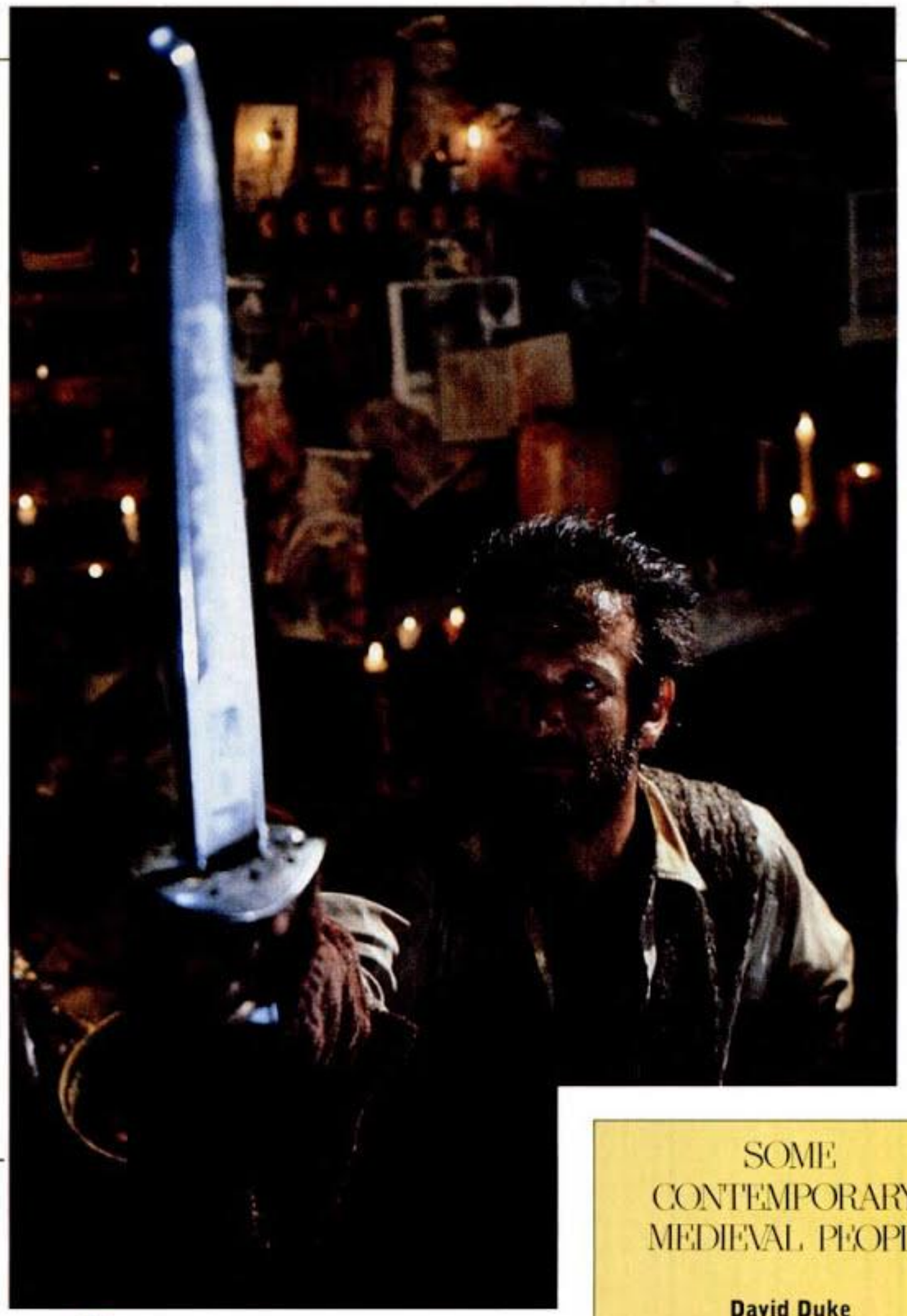
UST...

MEDIEVALISM



MINSTRELSY

With his band of players known as Jethro Tull, his new album, Catfish Rising, *and his signature codpiece, ancient bard and relentless sixties survivor Ian Anderson reminds us that despite all its technological advances, music can still sound horrible.*



WHO'S AFRAID OF BEOWULF?

The Fisher King, *a modern retelling of the Parzifal legend. This summer:* Mr. Gawain and the Green Knight, *with Richard Gere!*

PAGANISM

Worship of plant and animal spirits is now common. This Earth Firster seems to be saying, "Free the sports-team mascots!"



GARGOYLE DECOR

The Neo-Gothic Cathedral of Saint John the Divine in Manhattan has been under construction off and on for 100 years—and is now a high-toned WASP fixation.



SOME CONTEMPORARY MEDIEVAL PEOPLE

David Duke

anti-Columbus demonstrators

Willie Smith

Penn and Teller

gangs

Robert Bly ▸



American Gladiators

deconstructionists

Joseph Campbell

baby sellers

cold-fusion scientists (alchemists)

Cardinal O'Connor

Deadheads

Sam Kinison

Sinéad O'Connor



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FEUDAL OVERLORD JOSEPH COORS JR. CLAIMS THAT GOD SPOKE TO HIM ON A GOLF COURSE

Channel One. Whittle Communications is the second-largest employer in Knoxville, Tennessee, and Chris Whittle is the town's busiest and most prominent citizen. It is appropriate that Knoxville is his fiefdom, since other local nobles include Conway Twitty of Twitty City and Dolly Parton of Dollywood. As far as we know, the three live in harmony, avoiding pitched battles and sieges. Whittle regularly flies in his private jet to New York, where he stays in his dark, velvet-draped, wood-paneled chambers in the gargoyle-bedecked Dakota. Borgia-like, he has patronized such humanists as Galbraith of Cambridge and Halberstam of Manhattan by paying them to write books for his Larger Agenda Series, whose most interesting feature is that its books contain advertisements. Whittle himself has said that books are "technology from the Middle Ages." He has summoned political philosopher Michael Kinsley to Knoxville three times for discussions about running his scholastic enterprises. Architect Peter Marino, Whittle's Otto of Metz, oversaw the $50-million construction of a city-within-a-city for him, built in an antique style. The main building spans two entire blocks, and the project is unofficially known as Historic Whittlesburg. Whittle's wife, Priscella Rattazzi, is perhaps not actually a princess, but theirs is a fairy-tale romance nonetheless.



CHRIS WHITTLE MAY BE THE DARING YOUNG NOBLEMAN STRIVING TO TAKE HIS PLACE IN THE SUN, BUT JACK KENT COOKE IS THE GRIZZLED DUKE WHO HAS EXERCISED HIS VAST POWERS FOR YEARS. COOKE MADE HIS FORTUNE IN CANADIAN RADIO AND PUBLISHING, but his real influence, like that of any feudal overlord, depends on the brute strength and valor of those who serve him. The modern equivalent of a company of knights is the professional sports team; as principal owner of the Washington Redskins, Cooke controls the most important private institution in the capital. There is a 20-year waiting list for season tickets, and the people who curry Cooke's favor are those who run the country. Indeed, just as the dukes of old were really more powerful than the Crown, so Jack Kent Cooke is more powerful than the president: He called Ronald Reagan "Ronnie," and Reagan called him "Mr. Cooke." Columnists like George Will and Carl Rowan are frequent guests in Cooke's sky box at RFK Stadium, as are the current vice president, Dan Quayle, and the future vice president, Virginia governor Doug Wilder. Some find it a special mark of Quayle's friendship with Cooke that Quayle, who technically oversees the nation's drug-enforcement efforts, is willing to sit in a box with Cooke's current wife, who was convicted of conspiring to import cocaine.

But, of course, the rules of behavior that apply to most people are suspended for a man of ducal standing. Cooke married a woman on the condition that she abort their child; the procedure was scheduled for the day after the wedding, but she became hysterical at the doctor's office, the abortion was not performed, and Cooke soon divorced the woman. He regularly skirts postgame gridlock by traveling on a road closed to other traffic. A police officer once had the audacity to ticket his driver for this practice and got bawled out by Cooke for doing so; he hasn't been stopped again. *The Washington Post* reported that just this fall, Cooke gated a public alley near his Woodley Park house. This confiscation of public land for private use went unpunished for months and then was retroactively approved. The Lancastrians and the Yorkists caused England a great deal of bloodshed and strife, and we can only hope that George Bush, a Hobe Soundian, and Cooke, Duke of RFK Stadium, do not plunge this country into the same kind of conflict.

IN 1789 THE FRENCH NATIONAL ASSEMBLY outlawed feudalism. It is unclear exactly how the gendarmerie has enforced this regulation, but we may safely say that ever since, French noblemen have thought twice before exercising the functions of government in their domains, wearing armor or singing "What Do the Simple Folk Do?" (*"Qu'est-ce que fait les gens simples?"*) We have no such prohibition in this country, and we may be in danger. How long can Neo-Medieval America—with its siege-minded zoning rules, its herbal medicines, its suspiciously preindustrial postindustrial economy, its hooded, trollish crack dealers—resist a complete embrace of the medieval social system? Historic Whittlesburg today, Saxe-Whittlesburg tomorrow? America's decline has often been compared to that of the Roman Empire. When wondering whether the Dark Ages are upon us, we might well ask, *After Rome fell, what came next?*

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August 1988: PARTY GUYS!
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Send in your order card today!

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by Lisa Birnbach

What Does Wayne Newton *Mean*?

Las Vegas *is* America. One man *is* Las Vegas. So if you spend weeks hanging out with Mr. Las Vegas, you glimpse America's soul, right?

THE YEAR IS 1964. TWO CLEAN-CUT YOUNG MEN ARE sitting in the coffee shop of the Fremont Hotel in Las Vegas. One, a strapping 22-year-old, has just 20 minutes off between sets in the lounge (six shows a night, six nights a week), enough time to down a vanilla milk shake and a slice of pie à la mode. The other, an admiring 17-year-old, stops by on his way home from Las Vegas High School to keep his older friend company. Later that night, Frank will be performing at the Sands. Streisand is at the Riviera. The young man with the sibilant esses and the thick middle is Carson Wayne Newton. His little friend is Mark Moreno. Mark's dad, Ricky, is the entertainment manager of the Fremont, Wayne's boss.

Mark's dad treats the singer almost like another son, contriving and shaping the career Wayne has pursued full-time since dropping out of high school his junior year. On weekends, Wayne comes over to the Morenos' house and, sprawled on the living-room floor with Mark and Mark's dad—who calls the two boys Roly and Poly—listens to old recordings of Al Jolson's radio shows. "Do you think you can do this?," Ricky Moreno says to his young protégé. "Sure I can," Wayne answers, and the next night, "Swanee" is in the show.

The Beatles are on the Sullivan show, the Stones have recorded "It's All Over Now," and in Berkeley the Free Speech Movement is exploding. But on any given day in 1964, over a milk shake at the Fremont Hotel in Vegas, Wayne and Mark are talking about Wayne's becoming a big star on the strip someday, and Mark's becoming his lawyer-manager.

Thirty years later, the devotee and the singer are still together, little Mark Moreno still trying to keep up with his big friend Wayne Newton, now officially as manager. "It was always

CLASS ACT
Wayne Newton with his famous, recently shaved mustache especially simulated for SPY—by Wayne himself.

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my desire," says Mark Moreno today, "to one day be with Wayne."

IT MAY BE FACILE, BUT IT IS TEMPTING to introduce you first to Mr. Las Vegas's jewelry. It is almost the first thing one notices (aside from his absence of mustache). As he sits in his dressing room (previously Elvis's dressing room) in the Las Vegas Hilton one October morning, waiting to tape an episode of *Roseanne* (he played Wayne Newton), the two pinkie rings are astonishing. You try not to stare, but still you wonder, *If God gave humans four hands, would men in Las Vegas wear four pinkie rings?*

It would not be hyperbole to claim that in this, the polyester-backed sateen of American cities, every man, be he bellman, croupier, waiter or headliner, wears more jewelry than any woman in Boston. You arrive feeling pretty good about yourself, your job, your charitable contributions. Within 24 hours your décolletage has somehow slipped lower, you've lost more than your limit, you've had too much to drink and very little sleep, you have no precise idea what day it is or, at certain moments, how many children you left at home. You're not quite turning tricks, but frankly, you've heard *worse* ideas....

Wayne Newton was wearing a 7-carat emerald-cut diamond flanked by two substantial trillions on one hand; on the other hand was a 13-carat round diamond resembling a golfball perched on its tee. A gold-and-diamond watch dressed one wrist, a heavy silver handcufflike bracelet—"a gift from Mr. Sinatra"—the other. He smelled good, assuming you like Paco Rabanne. He wore a black velour smoking jacket decorated with a dozen little pins—a memento from the miniseries *North and South: Book II*, in which he played (for just $12,000, a few *minutes*' worth of singing income) a Confederate captain; a souvenir of flying the F-16; the symbol of the Mrs. Russia pageant. A large fellow, he stands six foot four (he says) if you don't count his high, preternaturally black hairdo or his boot heels. And while his day-for-night existence doesn't promote health, he looks younger than his almost 50 years.

"Who is Wayne Newton?" he asks on the first page of his 1989 autobiography, *Once Before I Go*. "I think I am complex....I like to sit at the table and take a long time with my breakfast....When I'm superdisappointed or superhurt, I prefer to be alone....So who is Wayne Newton? If you were wondering who I am—I am a man."

Who, to repeat, is Wayne Newton? To some he is the American Indian (one-quarter Cherokee, one-quarter Powahatan) singing sensation, still vaguely memorable from early TV appearances. To others he is the perpetual adolescent with the high, silken voice who was the butt of Johnny Carson's homo jokes. Some may remember Wayne as *the* entertainer for Ronald Reagan's first inauguration. For many people, Wayne Newton is familiar these days mainly as America's most famous and determined libel plaintiff, the guy who sued NBC News—they said he had mob ties—and pursued the suit for eleven years, all the way to the U.S. Supreme Court.

WHY IS HE SUCH A PUNCH LINE? "MAYBE," HE THINKS, "IT'S THE FACT THAT I GREW UP SO YOUNG IN THIS BUSINESS AND ALMOST BECAME A CARICATURE OF MYSELF."

Who is Wayne Newton? Mark Moreno has thought a lot about Wayne since they met in the spring of 1959, when Mark was 12. "In variety show business, Wayne is one of the true superstars—and I use that word gingerly. In my opinion, there is nobody on those boards alive today who can do to an audience what Wayne can do to an audience. If you ask Frank Sinatra or Sam [*sic*] or Dean or Wayne, 'What do you do for a living?,' they would basically tell you the same thing: 'I'm a saloon performer.' And that's a very rare breed of person—somebody who can take up a microphone, walk out onstage and entertain the people. And those days of show business, unfortunately—we're a dying breed. We're a throwback, a dinosaur."

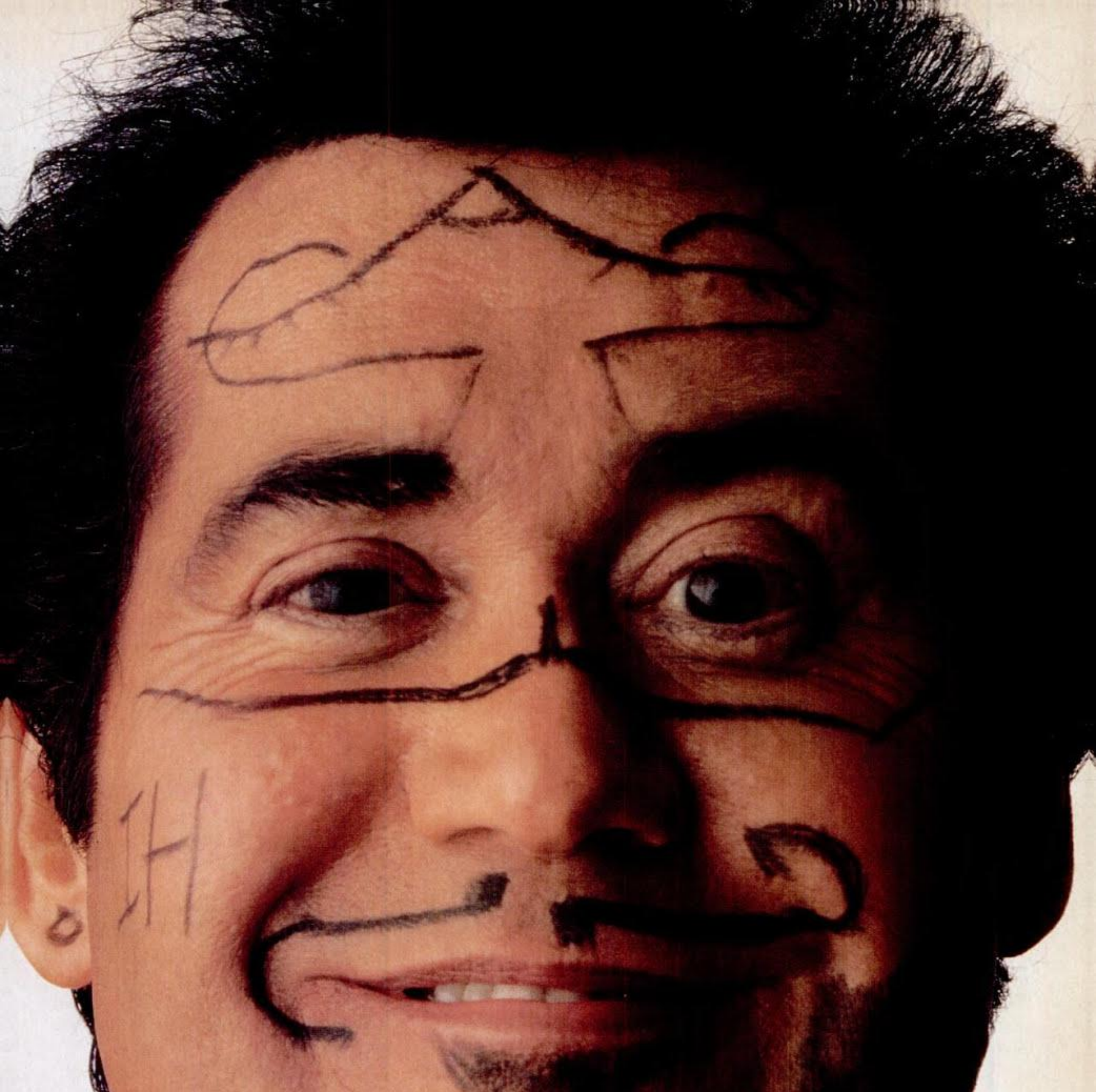
But Moreno doesn't really mean that. "Las Vegas is the pinnacle of success that everyone in our industry tries to accomplish. To me, just saying 'superstar' is more gratifying in Las Vegas. Two words that I hear now attached to Wayne: One is *icon*, and the other is *legendary*. So it's gone beyond *superstar*."

The *Roseanne* appearance was a crossover vehicle intended to attract a new, younger audience for Wayne; this is part of the master plan. "There are very few people whose star status in the industry can raise them to a level where they can perform on a national weekly network television show as themselves," says Moreno of the *Roseanne* appearance. "To me, that's the most wonderful form of third-party endorsement there is. I'd like to see him do [more] sitcoms, but not as an actor—*as Wayne Newton*. I would *never* want him to go on a sitcom as a *character*." It turns out that playing himself is a bit of a stretch for Wayne. "The hardest thing in the world," Wayne Newton says, "is to do a role as 'Wayne Newton,' because they write reactions that I wouldn't have."

But the self-parodying acting career is a track Newton is pursuing earnestly. He recently became a client of Triad Artists, the same talent

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR SPY BY NEIL SELKIRK

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agency that handles Bruce Willis and Patrick Swayze. "[My new agents] said to me, 'Do you have a sense of humor?' And I started to laugh, and I said, 'Well, of course I do.' 'Well, why is it that people's perception of you is not that? Their perception is that you're very serious about who you are and what you are.' And I said, 'Well, I am, kind of.' Depending on what you're hitting me with. I can laugh at the impersonator who takes my lisp and accentuates that, because I realize that that's the greatest form of flattery."

Newton is aware that he is, outside Las Vegas, often a punch line. "I am kind of used as the brunt of a joke in a movie, maybe. Nowadays



we must get three letters a month from either television shows or motion pictures that want to include my picture on the wall in one of the scenes because they think it's either funny or, you know, that's kind of a double-edged sword. I understand it's not the compliment that they are looking at." Why Wayne Newton? "Maybe," he thinks, "it's the years that I've been in the business. Maybe it's the fact that I grew up so young in this business and almost became a caricature of myself."

During a long day of taping *Roseanne,* Wayne is unfailingly pleasant. He offers to stay onstage even when the camera is on Roseanne, John Goodman and Tom Arnold, if that'll make everyone else's life easier. Although Wayne and the Tom Arnolds are social friends—this segment was suggested by Roseanne, according to the show's executive producer—Wayne and Roseanne do not chat between takes. They get together only at the day's wrap, for a photo op.

In a way, Wayne seems to think, he is too much a superstar for friendship. "Even carrying on a conversation with a lot of people becomes small talk," he says. "It's just that you're not on the same wavelength. People are careful not to irritate you or anger you. They treat you like you're an eggshell, when, in fact, I guess in some ways you are."

Who makes the top-friend list? Moreno, "Bear" (Mike Forch, Wayne's bodyguard), executive secretary Mona Matoba, Sister Barbara (the Roman Catholic nun who lives with Wayne and his daughter as a governess at his Las Vegas home, which is called Casa de Shenandoah), horse trainer Alfredo Ortega (Wayne is a major breeder of prize Arabians), Don Vincent (Wayne's conductor). "I don't really have an entourage, per se," Wayne says. "In other words, I don't have people around me—and I find no fault, because I understand it—like Elvis had around him. The people that surround me truly work for me, in terms of Bear or Mona. If I miss anything—I'll tell you what I really

WAYNE LIVES WITH SISTER BARBARA, A NUN WHO SERVES AS HIS DAUGHTER'S GOVERNESS. WAYNE BOUGHT A BIRTHDAY CARD FOR ME TO GIVE HER—IF THAT WAS ALL RIGHT WITH ME.

miss. I miss buddies. I don't make a lot of friends," he says, then adds the following strange qualifier: "but I'm aware of those people that I could be friends with."

He is, however, megafriendly onstage, kissing women in the audience, tossing his carnation boutonniere to a woman up front, even blowing kisses to his two female backup singers in his trademark fashion: After blowing the kiss with his index finger, he rubs the finger in a circular half wave. From time to time, Newton has considered the effects of his theatrical flirting: "When I'm out there, [I'm thinking] *How would I feel if I were seated in that audience?* And I watched it with Tom [Jones], and I've watched it with Eng[elbert Humperdinck], and I've watched it with Elvis, and I've watched it with me, where ladies overreact and their husband is seated there, or their boyfriend. I'd get up and leave. And yet, these guys don't."

But in real life, he says, he has been on only one blind date. "I don't know what restaurants to go to," he explains. He lives in a bubble. The current consort, a young lawyer from Cleveland whose looks are more Vegas than Shaker Heights, was sitting in the Hilton audience about six months ago when Wayne noticed her. When he left the stage before his encore, he pointed Kathleen out to Bear, who invited her backstage. Curious meetings, curious relationships. "Any lady I take out, I can rest assured that it's going to be in the tabloids within a matter of minutes if I am out in a public place—which I don't have a problem with, but *they* might."

Generally speaking, in Wayne's world there are no women anyway, no broads, no girls. Just *ladies.* "I'd like to dedicate this song to a very special lady," he says from the stage. "My lady will have a wine spritzer," he says to a waiter. "Hello, pretty lady," he says to any woman he has met more than once.

Even when he isn't saying "lady," he's thinking it. No one is courtli-

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er. He is a relentless door opener. During four of the six shows I saw, he dedicated songs to me. He has been married once, to a flight attendant—a Japanese American lady—he met coming home from entertaining the troops in Vietnam in 1966. Wayne and Elaine divorced in 1985. Erin, his 15-year-old adopted daughter, lives with him. He calls her "the love of my life." "I'm strict, but I'm loving too," he says.

WAYNE INSISTS ON BEING THE MASTER OF HIS WORLD. CONSIDER THE way he responded to the NBC News broadcast of October 6, 1980. Included in the *Nightly News* was a heavily promoted report called "Wayne Newton and the Law," which, according to the lawyer's letter Newton rushed to NBC, "1. alleges and/or asserts that the financing of Mr. Newton's acquisition of his interest in the Aladdin Hotel and Casino, Las Vegas, Nevada, was obtained by and through 'Mafia' and 'Mob' sources and that Mr. Newton holds a 'Hidden' ownership interest in said Aladdin Hotel and Casino for the benefit of said 'Mafia' and 'Mob' sources; 2. alleges and/or asserts that Mr. Newton has not truthfully related to Nevada Gaming Authorities the facts of his relationship with Guido Penosi and that Wayne Newton is associated with Guido Penosi, who is involved in both the narcotics business and show business on the West Coast...."

Newton denied all the contents of NBC's story and pursued retribution through every possible legal avenue. On December 17, 1986, he won the largest award ever for a suit of this kind—$19.3 million. The following February, the presiding U.S. district judge reduced that jury award to less than $6 million, at the time "higher than any libel award ever affirmed by an appellate court in the history of this nation by five times," according to Mort Galane, Newton's volatile Vegas attorney. But NBC finally won. The appeals court overturned the verdict, and this past fall the Supreme Court declined to hear the case.

It looked to the world as if Wayne were on a crusade, but according to Wayne, "It became a crusade for NBC." *Why would NBC go to this bother?*, I ask him. "Oh, I know why they did it," he answers. "They were trying to stop my licensing process." He had been in the process of trying to buy the Aladdin Hotel and Casino. Wayne had, however, a rival acquisitor. "They felt that if they could do that, the Aladdin deal would fall back to Johnny Carson"—Johnny Carson, whom Wayne once challenged to a fistfight over his *Tonight Show* gay jokes.

Although he has been concerned that the NBC story hurt his reputation permanently, Wayne got the Aladdin and has achieved one-name identification. And unlike Engelbert, Cher or Charo, he is among the few living entertainers with a first name that's normal-sounding yet highly recognizable—at least in Lake Tahoe, Reno, Las Vegas and Atlantic City. Elsewhere, the identification may not be as instant, unless you ask a *Wayniac* (a member of the Wayne Newton International Fan Club).

Twenty weeks a year, Wayne performs in the vast showroom (capacity: 1,475) of the Las Vegas Hilton. Most weeks that means nine concerts. He played 162 shows there in 1991, at about $45,000 a show. That's more than $7 million, and it doesn't count "private dates" ($100,000–$200,000 a pop), touring concerts and the increasing number of acting gigs in TV (*L.A. Law*) and movies (Andrew Dice Clay's *Ford Fairlane*). And yet, outside of Casino America, one gets the impression that Wayne isn't in the public eye. He hasn't had a hit on the charts since 1980 ("Years"). The only well-known woman he ever dated was Vanna White.







Clockwise from left:
Sure the guitar's big, but I'm gonna be bigger! (circa late 1960s); Let's turn the barn into a theater and put on a show! (*The Lucy Show*, 1965); For those about to rock, Wayne salutes you! (Vegas, 1981)

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But non-Wayniacs may vaguely remember his characteristically saccharine early hits, "Danke Schoen" (1963, produced by Bobby Darin) and "Red Roses for a Blue Lady" (1965), and for some reason, many have vivid recollections of seeing him on *The Lucy Show* in the mid-1960s as a still-adolescent-seeming regular guest star. (Wayne says he has a special empathy for child stars. When Dana Plato, the daughter from the accursed *Diff'rent Strokes*, was arrested last year for robbing $160 from a Las Vegas video store, Wayne Newton posted her bail of $13,000, although they had never met.) Wayne's own adolescence, of course, was spent playing Vegas.



During his usual three-week Hilton engagements, Wayne often stays awake in order to drive Erin to school at 7:30 a.m., then goes to bed, getting up again around noon. A two-show night means dinner at five (shows at eight and eleven-thirty). Weather permitting, dinner with his daughter and her nun is taken outdoors, facing Wayne's private lake and menagerie, which includes free-range black swans, flamingos, a wallaby and specially cooled penguins. This may be 52 carefully primped acres, the expensive estate of Mr. Las Vegas, the epitome of American swank, yet Casa de Shenandoah is also directly under the landing pattern of McCarran Airport; meals are punctuated regularly by the bass scream of jet engines. And the food is plebeian American, too; for dinner one night we had breaded catfish and wax beans. Another night it was Mexican food, in honor of Sister Barbara's birthday. (Before the birthday festivities, Wayne took me aside. He said he had bought a birthday card for me to sign for Sister Barbara—if that was all right with me.)

Wayne micromanages his daughter's life, to the point of discussing her hair-perm decisions with Sister Barbara: "Didn't she just have one? It hasn't grown out yet." After dinner, Dad has to go to work; it's the night shift. Someone from his house-and-grounds staff of 29 brings round his black Rolls-Royce Corniche convertible (one of six Rollses; he has eight other cars), and about an hour and a half before show time, he'll turn on the ignition and head for the job. The routine is rarely altered. When his new associates from Triad flew in recently from Los Angeles to catch the latest version of The Show, Wayne still had family dinner at home, while the agents were obliged to dine at one of the Hilton's 14 "international restaurants."

Wayne parks the Rolls at the loading dock behind the hotel and walks through a kitchen corridor. Backstage an elevator takes him downstairs to his empty dressing room, which is decorated in elaborate yet manly floral tributes—anthuriums and birds of paradise—as well as

EACH ASSOCIATE WEARS A DIAMOND PIN. "THEY CAN GO INTO ANY CASINO IN THIS TOWN; WHEN A DEALER OR PIT BOSS SEES IT, THEY ARE TREATED WITH A DIFFERENT KIND OF RESPECT."

a Le Roy Neiman portrait of Wayne. Across the hall there is hubbub in the dressing room used by the 32 orchestra members—laughs, the jiggling of ice in glasses, the occasional shouted expletive. (When a musician uses the word *schmuck* in a sentence, Wayne strides across the hall to warn, "Fellas, there's a lady here." An apology follows.)

In Wayne's room it is decidedly unexciting. No jitters. No pumping of adrenaline. Bear, Wayne's bodyguard, arrives, dressed up in a tie and jacket and a diamond-studded pinkie ring in the shape of a bear. Mona the secretary is here, carrying her paperwork in a Louis Vuitton tote bag. Mark Moreno will most likely be here, too. Each one of these loyalists possesses a special talisman that indicates he or she is part of the inner circle—a gold-and-diamond feather that identifies one as a Vigilante, a Praetorian guard in the Newton operation. "The guys can go into any casino in this town," Wayne says, "and the minute that one of the dealers or a pit boss or a waitress sees that eagle feather, they are treated with a different kind of respect and courtesy."

The Vigilantes, about 60 strong, ranging from the intimates in the dressing room to a "former federal judge in Virginia," sponsor one another for membership and take it all very seriously. "It's a good organization in terms of some of the rules," Wayne says. "We used to have monthly meetings, and we'd discuss things. You can never fight with another Vigilante. And you must always wear your feather. If it's lost, you've got so many days to replace it, at your own expense. We've even taken feathers back," he says, declining to explain what misbehavior provoked the expulsions. But there's an even higher mark of distinction for Wayne's very nearest and dearest—the golden-eagle necklace, which hangs around the necks of no more than 20. "The eagle is something only *I* give," explains Wayne, a man all his employees call Chief.

"How're you doing, Chief?" a trumpeter asks before a show.

"Superpowerful," Chief answers.

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FOR THOSE OF YOU NOT LIKELY TO VISIT LAS VEGAS WITHIN THE NEXT 40 or 50 years, here is what $45 gets you (including two drinks):

The lights darken, and an Indian drumroll starts, which leads to the overture: "Shenandoah." Lights sparkle and tinkle from the ceiling. Segue to "Tara's Theme." Segue to a more martial melody, and the curtain rises to reveal the 32-piece Hilton Orchestra. The room fills with smoke and green lasers. A rocket ship descends from the roof and discharges its one passenger. The smoke thickens, the rocket ascends, and in a moment, Wayne is revealed, adjusting the oversize bow tie on his tuxedo. (The vest and trousers are a zippered, one-piece unit.) He walks down a curved set of steps and begins his first song. At every one of the six shows I attended, it was an old Elvis Presley number, "T-R-O-U-B-L-E." ("The songs aren't always the same, but the pacing is something that's been the same for many, many years," he explained later. As a matter of fact, during the Gulf War, Wayne opened each show with "America" instead of the rather differently paced Elvis tune.)

For the next two hours (that's right, *two hours*), Wayne works hard. He will remind the audience he's working hard. His orchestra will play a chaser after each big number to give Wayne bowing time. He'll wipe his face with a towel [see "98 Percent—No, Make That 100 Percent—Perspiration," page 51] tossed to him by conductor Don Vincent ("He's one of the most brilliant musicians and best friends a man could have") and ask the crowd, "So, you like that kind of music?" If the response is lukewarm, he'll try another genre. Most nights he'll abruptly cut some songs off mid-verse. By the end of the show, Wayne has done so much trial and error that he has customized the evening. Country music, gospel, standards, rock 'n' roll, ballads, whatever it takes. Not only that, but he'll play trumpet, guitar, banjo, piano and fiddle. His biggest, lushest arrangements often result in standing ovations, as though it were Wayne Newton who'd made "Heartbreak Hotel" a hit and Wayne Newton whom they'd all remembered singing "Bridge Over Troubled Water."

And there are jokes. During his rendition of Bobby Darin's "Splish Splash," the string section mimes swimming. Later one musician routinely drops his pants, after which the other players hold up swim-meet judges' cards.

"Where are you from, sir? Oh, you're from right here? Oh, Indian no pick on you. Indian get his tepee burned down. Yeah! Ooh-wee! You really live right here? Is this your wife, or are you on a business trip? How long? How long? Fifty-one years of marriage? Oh, my God, that's a lot of suffering. Have you got any little ones? Three? One of each?"

Then, inevitably, the patter becomes *nice*, superpowerfully sincere, treacly even: "I want to tell you, you're a very handsome couple. God bless you, and we wish you another 151 years of happiness. Thank you for sharing this evening with us. Is there a captain here? A maître d'? Yes—pretty lady—see this lovely couple right here? Would you please bring them a bottle of champagne and four glasses? From me?"

Wayne also offers frequent, fulsome citations of his orchestra: "If you will, a big, big round of applause for unequivocally one of the finest orchestras in the entire world." Soloists get the guy-to-guy version of a blown kiss, which is a salute that turns into the thumbs-up sign, and the fellows seem to relish the gesture.

Which is not to say Wayne isn't a strict taskmaster. No one on his

Raindrops on Roses and Whiskers on Kittens, Very Large Handguns and Jumbo Bottles of Paco Rabanne

WAYNE NEWTON'S TEN FAVORITE THINGS

Favorite respectable food:
angel-hair-pasta marinara

Favorite New York fast food:
hot dogs

Favorite Beatles song:
"Yesterday"

Favorite book:
Gone With the Wind

Favorite drink:
vodka

Favorite living actress:
Jaclyn Smith

Favorite day:
a three-way tie among December 17, 1986, the day the jury decided against NBC in his libel case; July 4, 1983, the day he played the Mall in Washington after Interior Secretary James Watt created a stink over the Beach Boys' performing; any day he's entertaining U.S. troops overseas, which he last did in 1990



Favorite long gun:
.30-06

Favorite handgun:
Colt .45

Favorite fragrance:
Paco Rabanne

—L.B.

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payroll skips work, ever. "When I lost both of my parents," he says, "I went to work the same night." Anything else is "self-indulgent." If you work for Wayne and you're not in the hospital, "there's no excuse good enough. A great many of them have lost a parent, and they might catch a red-eye out and go take care of family business the next morning, but they're back by show time."

Wayne doesn't imagine a day when he'd quit. He refers to "those of us who do Las Vegas the way that we do it—meaning it truly is a calling." Mark Moreno and Wayne would nevertheless like to see an expansion of Wayne in the marketplace. Before he handled him, Moreno observed, "Wayne was still doing what Wayne is great at, but the career was not expanding. I wanted him to do serious television, and I wanted him to become a feature-film star. Which are all visions he shared." The new agent at Triad, Moreno says, "sees the same vision. You have to see the vision."

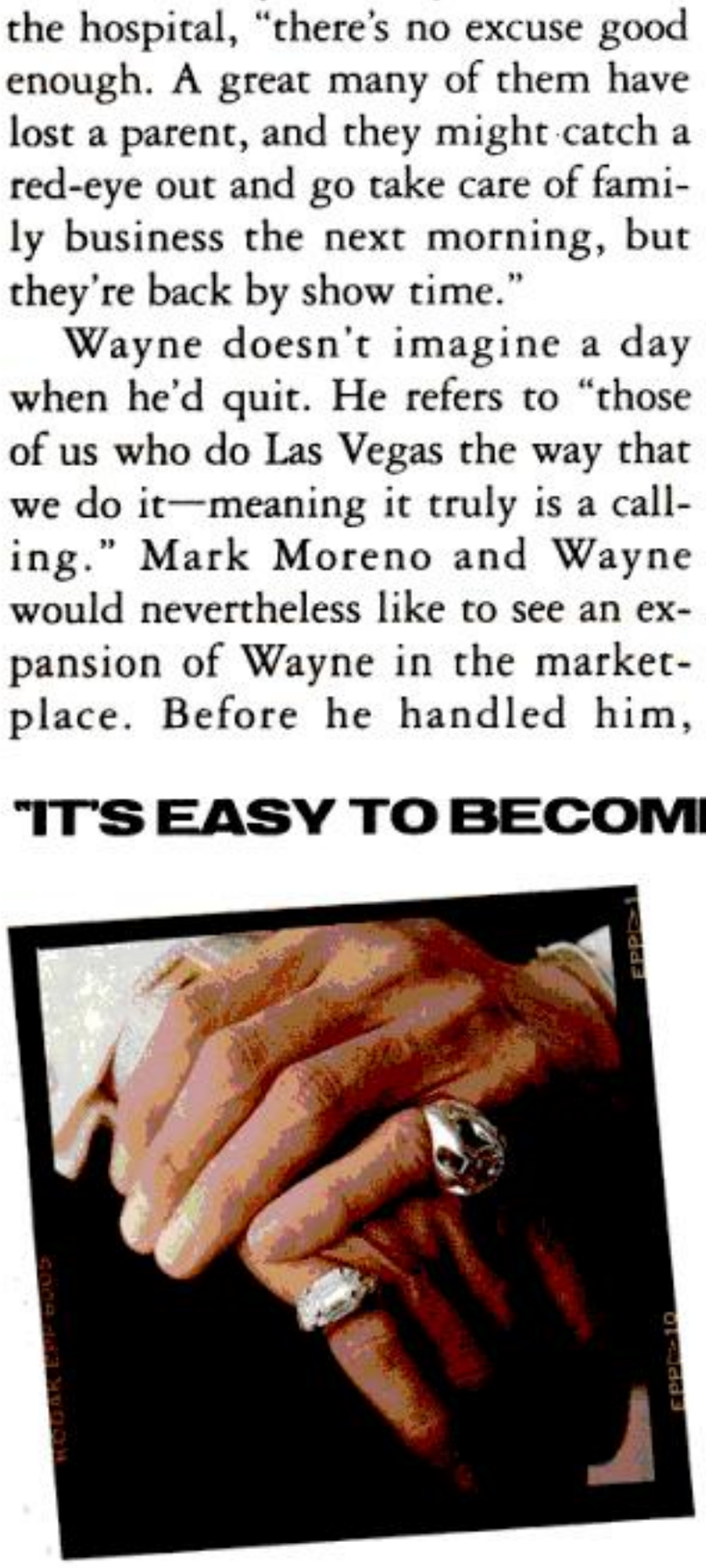
In 1989, Wayne had a role in the James Bond movie *Licence to Kill*. The vision was being realized! He played an evil televangelist. "About four years ago," Moreno says, "when we started on this quest for motion pictures, everybody said, 'You can't cross over.' Then we were lucky enough to know Cubby Broccoli, who owns the Bond movies. We called him, and I knew he was casting for *Licence to Kill*. And I said, 'Mr. Broccoli, you may not remember me, but I am Wayne Newton's manager. Do you remember when you told me that if Wayne Newton ever took his acting seriously, I should call you?' He said, 'Absolutely, I remember that.' Well, I made that up—*absolutely made it up*. And I said to him, 'He's taking his acting seriously now, and I understand you're casting your next Bond movie, and we'd like to be in it.' "

Acting, Wayne says, "offers me something that being Wayne Newton doesn't. It offers me the chance to work with people I wouldn't come in contact with any other way. And it offers me the chance to stretch—artistically."

YOU'RE PROBABLY WONDERING WHAT HIS HOUSE IS LIKE. CASA DE Shenandoah is surrounded by a high cement-block wall. Its name in cursive script on a sign out front tells you that you've found it and not, say, a security-conscious country club.

All 52 acres are green—intensely green—in the desert landscape, thanks to a vast irrigation system. Horses graze, peacocks strut. The main house was designed by Wayne in an antebellum-meets-Arabian style. The facade of the house has tall columns, and the steps are covered in elaborate ceramic tiles.

"IT'S EASY TO BECOME A RECLUSE." HE'S THINKING OF HIS FRIENDS HOWARD HUGHES AND ELVIS. "THE HIGHER UP YOU GET, THE LESS AND LESS YOU HAVE IN COMMON WITH EVERYBODY ELSE."



Two rosebushes attend the front door. The blossoms are silk.

The living room, carpeted in thick ivory, has a cathedral ceiling, and its center is sunken. Not surprisingly, there are gilt Louis Quinze pieces, which Wayne has been collecting over the last five years. Wayne loves crystal too, and he has illuminated cases full of prized pieces as well as some of his collection of Impressionist drawings, especially (and not surprisingly) Renoirs. An elevator, an everyday dining room, a formal dining room with more Renoirs, a room that's filled with videotapes and guns, a poolroom (with a crystal-legged pool table, not surprisingly), a Dalí (*Étude de Gala Nue*), a Toulouse-Lautrec (*Portrait de Femme de la Maison de la Rue d'Amboise*), Pissarros, a Marie Laurencin, a Matisse (*Modèle Posant Assis de Dos*), more than one Keane and a Red Skelton clown. (In New York City for a recent performance, he spent one morning at Sotheby's to check out the Impressionist drawings from an upcoming sale. The staff seemed genuinely thrilled to see him. This included chairman John Marion, who was rushing out to lunch, as well as all those thin, well-dressed heirs and heiresses. Wayne's photo was on at least two desks, and no one had been expecting him. "We have a log of important stars and money clients," Wayne's person at Sotheby's, Roberta Louckx, later told me. "But no one has another photograph of anyone else. He's the only one." And one of his Sotheby's fans, Louckx points out, "is from Fisher's Island.")

The Red Room is his sanctum, crammed to the gills with souvenirs of Vegas, Republicanism and Indianobilia. Here is a partial catalog of what's in that red-felt-covered office: gold records ("Danke Schoen" and "Daddy Don't You Walk So Fast"); Frank Sinatra's old microphone (Wayne refers to Sinatra as *Mr.* Sinatra, just as he refers to Kirk Kerkorian and Jack Benny as *Mr.* Kerkorian and *Mr.* Benny); lots of crystal; signed framed pictures and letters from Jackie Gleason ("Mr. Glea-

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son"), George Burns, Bob Hope, Bobby Darin, John Wayne, Michael Landon (with Dan Blocker and Lorne Greene), Jerry Lewis, Robert Goulet, Mr. Sinatra, California governor Pete Wilson, Jehan Sadat, John Paul II and Reagan, Reagan, Reagan.

There are framed invitations to White House dinners, framed informal notes from Ron and Nancy thanking Wayne for his help with the entertainment for the 1981 inauguration, and a huge bust of Reagan planted under the desk. A plaque is also planted in the ground outside, commemorating the exact time and spot where President Reagan stood during a campaign stop. And Mark Moreno says that when Wayne's former lawyer Frank Fahrenkopf ran the Republican Party under Reagan, they often "had business meetings right in the White House."

UPSTAIRS ARE THREE BEDROOMS—ONE FOR WAYNE, ONE FOR ERIN AND one for Sister Barbara, whom the Newtons call Sister for short. Wayne says he's so conscious of being Erin's role model and disciplinarian that he has his special lady friends stay on the property in one of the guesthouses.

Wayne keeps his 14 vintage cars here. He's got a wine cellar and a huge pantry. In other words, the Casa is self-contained. Wayne tells me, "It's frighteningly easy to become a recluse." He's thinking of his friends Mr. Hughes and Elvis. "I think most people perceive a Howard Hughes, an Elvis, [as] being afraid of people, either from a bodily-harm standpoint or, in Mr. Hughes's case, [from] being sued every other minute. I believe the higher up on that mountain you get, the less and less you have in common with everybody else."

IN APRIL, WAYNE WILL TURN 50. HE IS A THINKER WHO SCRIBBLES HIS most profound thoughts in a special folder he keeps in his bathroom. "One of my favorites—and this was because when I did something onstage that the gays considered to be antigay, I got a whole slew of mail on it, and I thought, *Isn't it a shame that people cannot find happiness in what they are but only in defense of it?* It's those kinds of things I write down." For Wayne the philosopher, the highest virtue is loyalty: "My least favorite quality is disloyalty. One who is disloyal, as far as I'm concerned, has no reason to live." He chuckles a second. "And I don't care whether it's a wife or brother or sister or mother."

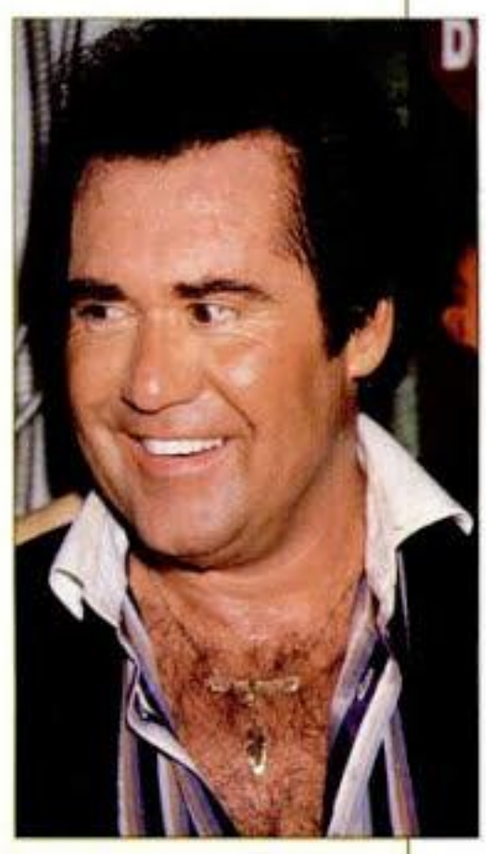
Speaking of familial disloyalty, Wayne and his brother, a Vegas ex-con who Wayne *thinks* is trying to become an agent, have been estranged for years. *This* Newton doesn't think they'll ever be close again. "I find no fault with him. We're just oil and vinegar; we don't mix. Besides," he says after a pause, "I wouldn't give you two cents to be Wayne Newton's brother, either. That's a rough cross to bear."

Wayne Newton was born in Roanoke, but he has lived in Vegas since he was 17. He enjoys immense respect and admiration from ordinary Las Vegans—the main road from the airport into town is Wayne Newton Boulevard—but what the city really gives him is something more elemental: Only in this sexy vacation dream circa 1960, this concoction of the mob inhabited by Mormons, only here can he be certain that no one will smirk at the very idea of Wayne Newton, superstar. The single time he felt his Las Vegas comfort seriously jeopardized was during the early 1980s, after the NBC report about the mob. During that time, did he ever consider moving, putting the Aladdin and the casinos and the allegations and the rest of it behind him, cashing out and getting away for good? He seems astounded by the question. "It wasn't Las Vegas doing it to me." *Leave Vegas?* His voice sinks to a hoarse whisper. "Where would I go?"

98 Percent—No, Make That 100 Percent—Perspiration

SWEAT ETIQUETTE AMONG VEGAS ROYALTY

In Las Vegas, performers don't pretend not to perspire; instead, they make it a major part of their shows—sweat as production value.



Sweat's pioneer was, of course, Elvis. Wearing the signature white jumpsuits of his final decade, Elvis just let it pour down his head, down his face and through the laces that crisscrossed his chest. Occasionally he would rub his hand over his face, but that's all—the rest of him would be not just damp but awash, sopping.

Probably the premier living show biz sweater is Tom Jones. When he performs at Bally's with a five-piece rock band, the beads of man-dew (is it sweat or pure testosterone?) glisten all over. Women, the majority of his audience, know the drill. The well-prepared will come bearing flowers or other gifts (one brought a Nintendo Game Boy for Jones's grandson the night I saw the show) as well as tarty undergarments. Tom, who is less voluble than Wayne, will savor the panties, saying something like, "Oh, Victoria!"—a reference, I assumed, to Victoria's Secret—or "My favorite brand!" Then he will wipe his face with the panties and hand them back to his breathless fan. She will also get a kiss on the mouth. One particularly insistent fan refused to accept her purple G-string back until she had wiped sweat from Jones's chest too.

Wayne's signature sweat gesture is less theatrical. His conductor will occasionally toss a small white towel to Wayne, who will wipe, then toss it back. Sometimes, trumpeter Al Longo, the troupe comedian, will refer to Wayne's sweat: "You make out {like} you're sweating for the girls." "I am *sweating," Wayne responds.* —L.B.

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Believe it or not, there are Americans out there who have nice things to say about Saddam Hussein, Nicolae Ceauşescu and the murderous governments of Zaire, Myanmar and El Salvador—and they have better access to your congressman than you do. They're lobbyists, and they earn hundreds of thousands of dollars flacking for fascists and schmoozing on behalf of tyrants, blithely waltzing through life as

PUBLICISTS OF THE DAMNED

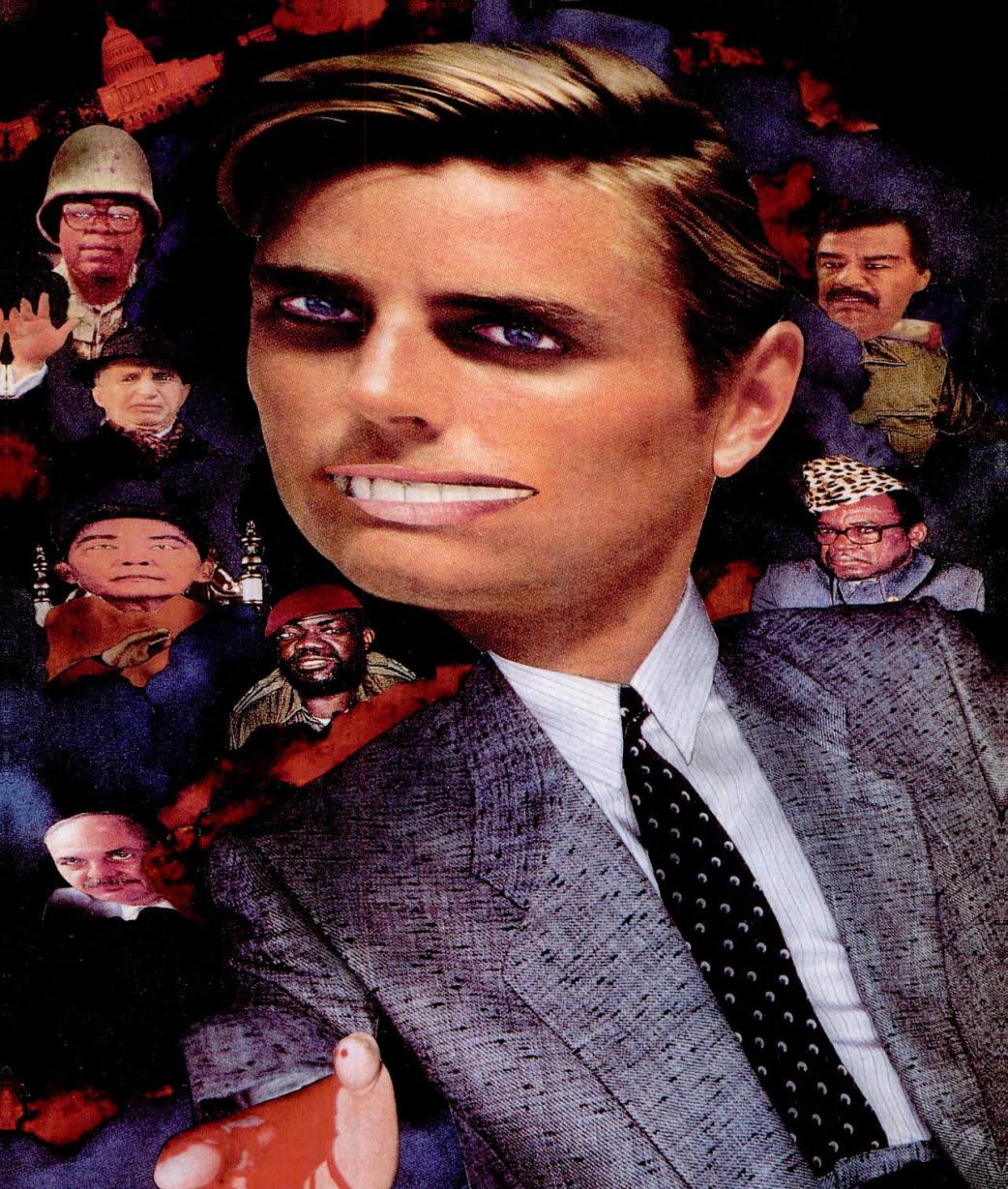
A TYPICAL ASSORTMENT OF WASHINGTON SWELLS HAS CONVERGED BENEATH THE DOMED CEILING OF the Egyptian ambassador's residence's reception room, where cocktails are being served on the occasion of Egypt's National Day. Prince Bandar bin Sultan, the Saudi ambassador to the United States, is present, as are Ambassador Absalon Mamba of Swaziland, Congressman Ed Feighan of Ohio and Lawrence Eagleburger, the enormous deputy secretary of State. Also among the gathered is Edward J. van Kloberg III, who, dapper in his tan suit and assured in his handshake, seems every bit the respectable diplomat. In fact, he is nothing of the sort: He is a lobbyist, and not the earnest, tweedy, Naderish, why-can't-we-have-a-national-bottle-bill kind. As a congressional aide who has dealt with him puts it, "You can't be a client of Van Kloberg's unless you've killed 10,000 people and stolen $10 billion." To wit, Van Kloberg's eponymous firm has represented Saddam Hussein, the Zairian dictator Mobutu Sese Seko and the late despots Nicolae Ceauşescu of Romania and Samuel K. Doe of Liberia ("The bad guys are disappearing," Van Kloberg says wistfully). A current Van Kloberg client, the government of Myanmar (formerly Burma), is perhaps best known just now for its continuing imprisonment of Aung San Suu Kyi, the recent recipient of the Nobel Peace Prize.

Sleazy, ethically lite lobbyists are not a rare species in Washington, but in compiling his client list, Van Kloberg seems to have taken venal amorality to new heights, and he clearly revels in his villainy, flaunting it like a cape. When a reporter sidles up to him and asks, "Representing anyone scandalous these days?,"

by Art Levine

ILLUSTRATION BY ALETHA HEPPEL

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Van Kloberg smiles broadly and replies self-mockingly, "No—I've turned respectable."

The unseemliness of Van Kloberg's chosen career is compounded by its sharkish competitiveness. Lurking in the same waters at the embassy party is a rival, Denis Neill, infamous in certain legislative circles for his erstwhile practice of arranging prepaid pizza deliveries to congressional-committee staffs during bill markups. (These days Neill and his associates forgo the free-food tactic, simply sending personal campaign contributions to legislators whose committee assignments usually jibe with his clients' interests.) Neill's skill at shaping legislation, legendary on Capitol Hill, has resulted in his being awarded the accounts of the Kenyan and Pakistani governments—Kenyan president Daniel arap Moi has recently made news for jailing opposition leaders, while Pakistan is obsessed with obtaining nuclear warheads.

While Neill has more than held his own against the cutthroat Van Kloberg, other, lesser competitors haven't been as successful. Last spring, for example, after Van Kloberg won a contract to represent the post-Sandinista Nicaraguan government headed by Violeta Chamorro, he became convinced that another lobbyist the Nicaraguans had hired, Paul Reichler of the firm Reichler & Soble, was bad-mouthing him. So Van Kloberg launched a leak-and-destroy mission to alert conservative journalists that Reichler had once represented the Sandinistas and was therefore a Commie-symp opportunist who didn't deserve his $7,000-a-month contract. The right-wing press responded with appropriate indignation, and Reichler was dumped.

"Our business is ridiculous, and our fees are outlandish," says one lobbyist of the dirty work he and his colleagues routinely do. "But there are people who do worse things and make more money." True enough—but they're called *criminals*.

HOW DO LOBBYISTS LIKE VAN Kloberg and Neill sleep at night knowing that they're carrying water for regimes that practice or permit the slaughter of students, the enslavement of children, the murder of priests and other sundry evils? Van Kloberg, for his part, says that what he does is no different from what a criminal lawyer does: tell his client's side of the story. And sometimes, he says, he "brings a country to democracy" to boot. In fact, one of Van Kloberg's many atrocious client countries—the inconsequential Suriname—moved toward democracy while he was on its payroll. John Donaldson, a lobbyist with Black, Manafort, Stone and Kelly, shares Van Kloberg's mentality. When a friendly congressional aide took Donaldson aside to express his misgivings about the Black, Manafort clients Kenya and Somalia (no longer a client), saying, "John, these guys are real bad," Donaldson responded, "Yeah, I know. But we're really trying to persuade them to clean up their act."

That kind of rationalization—that these lobbyists are actually reformers encouraging dramatic changes in the governments they represent—is a standard form of Washington self-delusion. "I suppose that's how they manage to look themselves in the mirror in the morning," says a congressional aide. In a similar spirit, one lobbyist has convinced himself that his client governments are not oppressors but victims of oppression—from congressmen who vote to restrict aid to them. "It's like putting a guy in jail and whipping him," the lobbyist says of such restrictions. "It discriminates against these countries."

Whether most lobbyists are worth the exorbitant fees paid to them is another matter. Many within the profession are willing to bash it, describing lobbyists as ineffective and overpriced—as long as they're talking about other lobbyists. David Fenton, who specializes in

"Our business is ridiculous, and our fees are outlandish," says one lobbyist. "But there are people who do worse things and make more money." True enough—but they're called criminals.











STRATEGIES FOR FLACKING
Denis Neill (*far left*) sends Congress free pizza. Edward van Kloberg (in bow tie) just tells people that Samuel Doe (*top*, dead), Saddam Hussein (*middle*) and Nicolae Ceauşescu (*bottom*) aren't such bad guys.

lefty causes and has represented Angola's Marxist government in its Capitol Hill battles against the Black, Manafort–represented Angolan rebel organization UNITA, says, "It's a bit of a racket. Lobbying and PR firms frequently rip off foreign governments. They promise to do influence-peddling, but in many cases, they don't have influence to peddle." An ambassador to the U.S. from a Latin American country concurs. "What I hear from my colleagues [in diplomatic circles] is how much money they pay and how little they get in return," he says. "They say, 'I have a lobbying firm that I'm paying $25,000 a month, and I'm getting nothing.'" Much of the skepticism is directed toward the big-name, high-priced firms like Black, Manafort and Hill and Knowlton, whose annual fees for one account can exceed $1 million. These firms' subtle handiwork, critics say, is often too subtle to be noticed. A prominent Senate aide who has worked on the Hill for more than a decade says, "Outside of a press release or two, I've never met with Hill and Knowlton. You read about them getting all this money, but we shake our heads and wonder what they're doing for it."

Black, Manafort channels considerable zeal into stealing clients from rival lobbyists. The firm tried to outmaneuver Van Kloberg for the rights to represent Zaire's President Mobutu in his 1989 visit to Washington, even though Van Kloberg had already won the contract. According to Van Kloberg and others, Black, Manafort was angling for a long-term deal with Mobutu when the firm brazenly informed congressional aides and members of the State Department that it was handling the leopard-skin-hatted, strident-murdering dictator's junket. (A Black, Manafort spokesperson denies those charges.) Black, Manafort didn't succeed in its campaign to handle the Washington visit, but a short while later it won a $1 million contract from Mobutu that, like several others the company has got over the years, was not renewed.

As it turns out, Black, Manafort's underhandedness was actually an attractive selling point to the Zairians. During the intense pitching for Mobutu's account, several rival lobbying firms pointed out that Black, Manafort was embroiled in the HUD scandal and had admitted to receiving $326,000 in consulting fees in connection with a dubious housing project. But the accompanying wave of hostile press and congressional denunciations didn't deter the Zairians one whit. "That only shows how important they are!" said an impressed member of the Mobutu regime. Similarly, Van Kloberg won lobbying contracts with the governments of Lesotho and Syria despite his 1984 felony conviction for forging proof-of-contractual-agreement letters from various embassies in order to obtain a $60,000 bank loan. Among the embassies whose letters Van Kloberg had fabricated were those of... Lesotho and Syria.

Who's the Sleaziest of Them All?

Below, SPY offers its Blood-on-the-Hands Index, a ranking of the moral turpitude of seven lobbying and public-relations firms. Rankings are determined according to the number of human-rights violations committed by clients and the fees charged by the firm.

RANK/ LOBBYIST	BLOOD-ON-THE-HANDS RATING	PARTIAL LIST OF PAST AND PRESENT CLIENTS
1. Black, Manafort, Stone and Kelly		Somalia, Zaire, Nigeria, Kenya, the Philippines (Marcos era), Peru, the Bahamas, the National Union for Total Independence of Angola (UNITA), the Dominican Republic
2. Van Kloberg & Associates		Iraq, Mali, Romania, Liberia, Rwanda, Haiti, Myanmar, Zaire
3. Hill and Knowlton Inc.		Turkey, the People's Republic of China, Citizens for a Free Kuwait, Haiti (Duvalier era), Angola, Saudi Arabia, South Korea, Adnan Khashoggi, Bank of Credit and Commerce International (BCCI)
4. Neill and Company Inc.		Liberia, Pakistan, El Salvador, Kenya, Jordan, Kuwait, the Sudan
5. Patton, Boggs & Blow		Guatemala
6. O'Connor & Hannan		Bolivia, Ecuador, El Salvador
7. Tom Scanlon		The Dominican Republic

ONCE THE CONTRACTS have been signed, the real work—the free pizza deliveries, the misleading press releases, the lavishly catered meetings between congressional staffs and Third World despots—begins. Van Kloberg's lobbying style is a throwback to an earlier era of press-agentry: He hosts swank luncheons at the Jockey Club and treats the ambassadors and reporters who come to his elegant apartment for dinner to a tour of his bathroom, decorated from floor to ceiling with 160 photos of Van Kloberg with world leaders and celebrities ranging from Mobutu to Mrs. Anwar Sadat. The wining and dining frequently pays off: Some of the officials he's feted praise Van Kloberg as an effective, even honest, lobbyist.

For other lobbyists, the legwork that goes into championing the virtues of murderous regimes is really no different from small-time, Tin Pan Alley–style hucksterism. In the 1980s the notorious string-puller Tommy Boggs of Patton, Boggs & Blow sought to soften U.S. restrictions on aid to Guatemala by

A *SPY* PRANK

"HELLO, I'M CALLING ON BEHALF



"WHAT IF RUDOLF HESS WANTED Van Kloberg to take the Nazi account in 1939?" says a congressional aide, referring to Washington's most shameless lobbyist. "Would he have done it?" Though time's forward march prevents us from answering this question unequivocally, a similar, latter-day scenario presents itself: Would Edward van Kloberg take on one of Germany's nascent neo-Nazi organizations as a client?

In order to find out, SPY dreamed up the German People's Alliance, a small extremist political party with its base in Bremerhaven—the same city where an actual xenophobic far-right party, the German People's Union, unexpectedly won 10 percent of the vote in City Council elections last year. Our operative, putatively an Alliance member named Sabina Hofer, telephoned Van Kloberg and other lobbyists to see if they were interested in bringing the Alliance's agenda—*We want to stop immigration of foreigners into Germany; we want our own voice in the U.S. Congress to counter the pro-Jewish claque; we want to reclaim Poland*—to Capitol Hill.

Hofer told the lobbyists that a delegation of Alliance members was planning to visit Washington in March, and that the organization was willing to spend $50,000 to $90,000 for about six months' to a year's work. Though she denied that the Alliance was a neo-Nazi group, Hofer's speech was nevertheless laced with conspicuously familiar rhetoric. She complained that the American media is "in the hands of the Jews" and characterized the German and Austrian computer programmers whose much-publicized software allows players to operate simulated concentration camps as "just children playing." She lamented the influx of Gypsies in Germany, claiming, "It is genetically proven that they are thieves," and spoke of the Alliance's goal to "make Germany great again."

To their credit, most of the lobbyists contacted did not seem especially eager to take on the Alliance account. Stu Sweet of Black, Manafort, Stone and Kelly was the most skeptical, asking Hofer, "How would the German people feel if there were American companies that had computer games that said, 'Kill as many Germans as possible'?" A Hill and Knowlton employee named Bob Witeck politely informed Hofer that the firm now has offices in Frankfurt and Munich, but failed to fulfill his promise to call her back later in the day. David Todd of Patton, Boggs & Blow wanted to see some of the organization's literature before he made any commitment. Robert Johnson, the attorney who worked with lobbyist Tom Scanlon on the Dominican Republic account, fondly recalled the time he spent in Bremerhaven on a military exercise some years ago, but he too offered only to discuss the matter further.

Predictably, Edward van Kloberg was a different story. Having heard through the Capitol Hill grapevine that a small, rightist German political party was making the lobbyist rounds, he immediately sought to establish credibility with Hofer by mentioning the exploratory work he had done three years ago for Jean-Marie LePen, the odious anti-immigrationist whose extreme-rightist party had achieved alarming success in France.

Avuncular and charming, Van Kloberg explained the ropes to Hofer. "You see, consulting and lobbying here is what we call a necessary evil," he said. "The American system is built around a lobbyist or public-relations person who represents and facilitates dialogue." After some affable discussion of the Alliance's objectives, Hofer spoke of her party's growing influence.

Hofer: We know that by the year 2000 we will be a very strong representation of the German people.
Van Kloberg: Germany will *be* Europe by the year 2000.
H: Or Europe will be Germany.
Van K: *Exactly*. And anybody who does not know that is a fool. And it's a marvelous thing to watch. It's an extraordinary thing to watch.
H: They have suffered very much this century. We found we had accomplished so much, and now it is beginning to fall apart. And that is one of the things we want to change. We want to make Germany great again.
Van K: Well, since I'm of German origin, I could not agree with you more.
H: I thought so.
Van K: [*Laughs*] And I believe in many of the tenets that you believe in. So we are not very far apart, my dear.
H: That is very comforting.
Van K: You will also find that there are a lot of people in America who feel that way. It has just not been presented to them.

Van Kloberg proceeded to offer possible strategies for the Alliance. Then the personal bonding began.

H: Where is your parents from?
Van K: Well, it's in Poland now.
H: Yes, *ach*! Thank you! This is another thing that we want to do, the German lands that are in Poland. We want to arrange—
Van K: *That never should have happened.*
H: Exactly.
Van K: *Never!*
H: Do you think it is possible that we can have that nullified and that we can have the German lands be German again?
Van K: As long as Germany continues to move as it is moving now, entirely possible.
H: What do you mean? I don't think it is moving actually good.
Van K: Well, as you know, the economy has to go up. As long as the economy is strong, everybody will need Germany. *Everybody.*
H: So that we can—

OF THE FÜHRER..."

Van K: Then you can move in and say, "For this, that and the other thing." It never should have happened. It happened for political expediency, but it certainly should be high on the agenda for the return. For greater Germany.

In a follow-up conversation that took place two days before David Duke's defeat in the Louisiana governor's race, Hofer spoke to Van Kloberg about establishing friendships in America.

H: We would like to know which is the best congressman and senator, and what is with this Mr. Duke? But that is governor.
Van K: Yes. I don't think he'll win.
H: That is a pity, because we're hoping that the climate—
Van K: That *is* a pity. But the climate, what it has opened, is the key.
H: You know, we have problems with our Turks, with immigrants and the little Jews that are left. But here in New York I see these blacks—this is terrible.
Van K: It's a different ball game. There is something called the silk-stocking district in New York. [*Laughs*] It's from Fifth Avenue on over to Third Avenue from about 40th up to 86th, and that's the only place you can be in New York. [*Laughs.*]
H: This Mr. Duke has some propositions—this would be nice.
Van K: Uh-huh.
H: Since the American people are listening, too, this is also very important.
Van K: No question. It has opened an entire new chapter....[*Laughs*] I'm going to enjoy this conversation with all of you. *Oooh.*

Later the same day, Hofer called Van Kloberg back to tell him that one of the Alliance's leaders had been attacked by anarchists in Germany, rendering further conversation impossible for the time being.

getting the House Appropriations Committee to officially praise the military government's progress toward democracy. That strategy didn't work, so Boggs, in a salvage effort, met later in the day with one of the aides most staunchly opposed to the U.S.'s making any pro-Guatemala noises. "What's your problem with the language?," Boggs asked the aide.

"It doesn't conform to reality," the aide responded. "These guys are murderers and thugs."

"What would convince you that they're moving in the right direction?," Boggs asked.

"For example, I'd be impressed if they undertook a land-reform program," the aide said.

"You want a land-reform program?," Boggs said with why-didn't-you-say-so eagerness. "I can have a land-reform program on your desk this afternoon."

This gambit didn't work. "You can't do serious land reform in 15 minutes," the aide says now. "It was one of the most cynical attempts at manipulation I'd ever seen."

But manipulation is what lobbying is all about. The business of making Saddams and Mobutus seem like good guys worthy of U.S. aid is a carefully strategized mixture of hype, dissembling, flattery and excuses. Van Kloberg's game plan for Zaire made the most of Mobutu's role in brokering an agreement between the opposing forces in the Angolan civil war (although Mobutu's self-serving tactics nearly sank the peace process in the first round of negotiations) and trumpeted Mobutu's promise last April to allow multiparty democracy and free elections. The congressional aides weren't buying it. "Well, wasn't that a positive step forward," said one of them to Van Kloberg. "You just haven't mentioned that the government gunned down a dozen students three weeks later, and that Mobutu told his own party [regarding his promises of democracy] that he didn't really mean it."

At other times, Van Kloberg had the gall to compare Zaire to Poland and other reformist Eastern European countries, sending out a press release bearing the title "The World's Emerging Democracies: Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Poland, Nicaragua, Panama and Zaire." The notion of Mobutu as an African Lech Walesa didn't wash with Congress, and Zaire has faced the threat of a total cutoff of military and economic aid since 1989. To help along the Zairian cause, Van Kloberg's firm not only made available pro-Mobutu speeches for congressmen to deliver but later sent $1,000 checks to four of the House's Mobutu mouthpieces, Representatives Connie Morella (D-Md.), Jack Fields (D-Tex.), Dan Burton (R-Ind.) and Charles Pashayan (R-Calif.). Alas, despite noble efforts like these, Zaire chose not to renew Van Kloberg's $300,000-a-year contract when it expired a few months ago.

For Liberia's besieged Samuel K. Doe, with whom he had an $800,000 contract in 1990, Van Kloberg offered all sorts of advice: to wear native garb on a *Nightline* appearance, for example, and to announce plans for multiparty democracy. In September 1990, Doe was killed and his body mutilated by rebel forces. Not only had Africa lost a leader, but Van Kloberg had lost about $650,000 in client billings. "Some say he acted too late," Van Kloberg says now of his dead client, "but at least he did it."

Van Kloberg ascribes the same nobility of purpose to his former client Saddam Hussein. He renewed his contract with Saddam even after learning that the Iraqi government had killed thousands of Kurdish civilians with chemical weapons, Van Kloberg says, because "there were more important considerations," such as the American national interest in resisting Iraq's foe Iran. The nearly $100,000 a year Van Kloberg received from Iraq was most definitely *not* a factor.

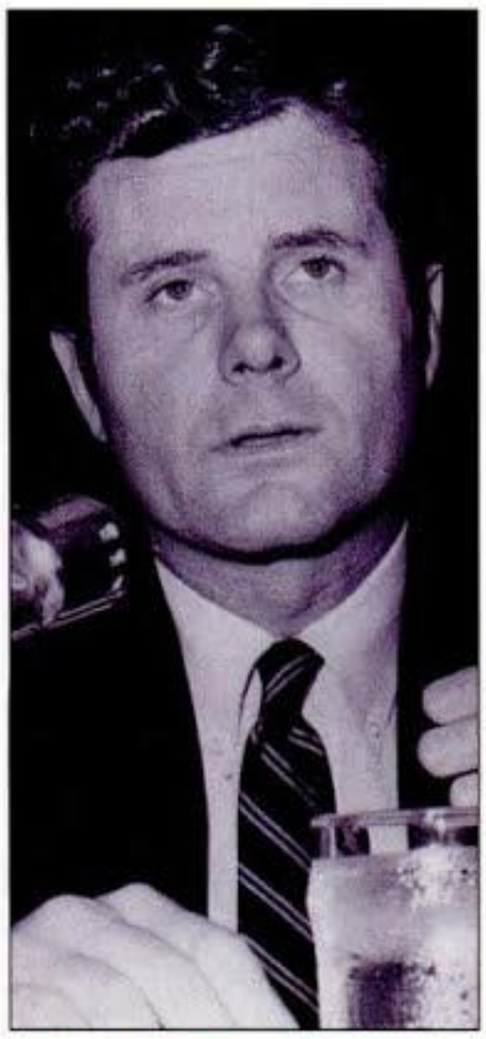
More recently Van Kloberg has been scrambling to explain to members of the House and Senate







RICH WHITE LOBBYISTS AND THE DESPOTS WHO LOVE THEM
***Clockwise from top left*, media-savvy Roger Stone, Zaire's Mobutu Sese Seko, scandal-tainted Paul Manafort, UNITA strongman Jonas Savimbi, apologist Joseph Blatchford and Guatemala's Jorge Serrano (waving hands)**







"Clearly, Savimbi wanted peace negotiations for a longer time than Black, Manafort wanted peace negotiations," says a conservative congressional aide sympathetic to UNITA

why the government of Myanmar refuses to recognize the results of a 1990 election that swept the Nobel laureate Aung San Suu Kyi's party to victory. Van Kloberg this fall arranged for U Thaung, Myanmar's ambassador to the U.S., to meet with more than 20 congressmen. The chat with Democrat Stephen Solarz, chairman of the House Subcommittee on Asian and Pacific Affairs, didn't go too well. Prepped by Van Kloberg, the ambassador argued that his government hadn't yet recognized the election because, a year and a half later, it was still "validating" the results. As for Aung San Suu Kyi's imprisonment—she is on a hunger strike to protest the government's injustices—the ambassador explained that she had "violated the law." The law he referred to is an arcane one "protecting the state from destructionists."

As one might expect, Van Kloberg harbors no guilt about going along with this or any other questionable party line he's paid to defend. "I don't have any problem sleeping at night," he says.

THERE IS A SPECIAL, GRIM irony in a former Peace Corps director's lobbying on behalf of Third World oppressors. Joseph Blatchford, who ran the Peace Corps during the Nixon administration, now works for the firm O'Connor & Hannan. He has faced an uphill battle ever since he signed a $10,000-a-month contract to represent right-wing El Salvadoran president Alfredo "Freddy" Cristiani. "All we heard over and over was that he was a puppet of the death squads, a creature of millionaire coffee growers," Blatchford says. That unfortunate reputation is due in part to the fact that Cristiani was the candidate of the right-wing ARENA party, which was founded by death-squad mastermind Roberto D'Aubisson and supported by millionaire coffee growers. Blatchford's challenge: convincing Washington that "Cristiani is a good guy," even as his government's military forces continue to gun down civilians. One of Cristiani's biggest selling points, Blatchford notes with pride, is that "he speaks perfect English and went to Georgetown University"—something that can also be said of William Kennedy Smith.

Given the nature of El Salvador, Blatchford often finds himself in sticky situations. Two years ago, just after getting into the Cristiani-defending business, he arranged a luncheon meeting between the new El Salvadoran ambassador and the House Foreign Affairs Committee. But the day before the meeting, Blatchford says, "there was another human-rights violation"—the murder by El Salvadoran military officers of six Jesuit priests, their housekeeper and her daughter. Needless to say, that put a damper on the next day's proceedings. Nor were many in Washington happy with El Salvador's "trial" last September of the seven soldiers and two officers indicted for killing the priests. Only the two officers were convicted, and the defense lawyer implicitly threatened to have the jury whacked—while the trial judge said he would flee El Salvador for his life. In November a special congressional task force investigating the Jesuit case concluded that there is strong circumstantial evidence that Cristiani's defense minister helped plan the priests' murder. Massachusetts representative Joe Moakley, chairman of the task force, describes Blatchford's arguments on behalf of El Salvador as "bullshit." So irritated did Moakley become over Blatchford's tactics, which he saw as an attempt to discredit the U.S. task force, that he accosted a partner of Blatchford's at a cocktail party and said, "Don't play any fucking games with me. You guys keep this shit up and you won't

be getting *anything* from up here"—a reference to Moakley's power as chairman of the House Rules Committee to block any legislation affecting O'Connor & Hannan's clients.

David Todd of Patton, Boggs & Blow faces a predicament much like Blatchford's: A $220,000 contract obliges him to hype the Guatemalan government's meager efforts to prosecute those who commit atrocities in a country where the military routinely kills civilians. The Bush administration, displeased by the still-unsolved murder of a U.S. citizen in Guatemala in 1990, asked that military aid be suspended. The country's recent attempt at a democratic government, which was voted out of office a year ago, made little headway in stopping the torture and execution of activists, academics and peasants.

In one meeting with aides to the members of the House Foreign Affairs Committee, Todd opened with praise for the progress Guatemalan president Jorge Serrano was making, but he lost any semblance of credibility when the aides put him on the defensive, asking him about Guatemala's rights violations. "We should be careful throwing stones," Todd responded. He proceeded to liken the actions of the Guatemalan military to the abuses of the Los Angeles Police Department—as if the beating of Rodney King made it less appalling that Guatemalan soldiers shoot people in the streets. "I almost hit the ceiling," recalls a committee aide. "There's no comparison: The Guatemalan military has killed thousands and no one's ever been convicted, while the L.A. policemen were videotaped and are facing trial."

Guatemala's standing on Capitol Hill was dealt a further blow by allegations that in 1989 military personnel raped an American nun, Sister Diana Ortiz, and scarred her with more than 100 cigarette burns. Guatemalan military officials had the gall to argue that Ortiz was a sadomasochist lesbian who *liked* being burned on the back with cigarette butts (an idea first floated by the U.S. embassy in Guatemala). This explanation didn't impress Congress, which voted last year to bar practically all direct military aid to Guatemala.

In September, Todd helped arrange a damage-control visit by President Serrano to Washington. (The spin-doctoring was less than perfect: The headlines for two newspaper stories about Serrano's visit were MILITARY'S REIGN OF TERROR IN GUATEMALA and STILL-GHASTLY GUATEMALA.) Todd arranged meetings between Serrano and various human-rights groups and congressional staffs, but they didn't come off as hoped. "The lobbyists think that just because you're in the room with the president of a country, you'll lie down and die," says an aide. "They think that we're from Podunk and we'll be wowed."

ON ONE WALL OF FRANK MANkiewicz's office overlooking the Potomac is a poster that reads, WHEN YOUR CLIENTS ARE BEING TRIED IN THE PRESS... TALK TO US. WE'RE HILL AND KNOWLTON. Mankiewicz, vice chairman of the firm's public-relations division, derives his credentials and contacts from the liberal side of the fence: He was Robert Kennedy's campaign manager, then George McGovern's, and later he was president of National Public Radio. Now his clients include China, with its forced-labor camps and habit of slaughtering dissidents; Turkey, which tortures political prisoners and kills human-rights activists (and, for good measure, those who attend their funerals); and Kuwait, the corrupt monarchy whose supporters paid Hill and Knowlton $10 million to make the case for Operation Desert Storm. Does the former liberal crusader feel any twinges of guilt, or worry that maybe he has sold out? "I don't see it as inconsistent with what I did before," he says.

Odd, then, that last summer the New York–based Robert F. Kennedy Memorial Center for Human Rights chaired a special Washington conference on torture and repression in Turkey. Mankiewicz nevertheless insists that Turkey "is making great strides in human rights," though he isn't able to come up with any examples. Sometimes Hill and Knowlton's efforts to improve Turkey's image backfire. In 1987, concerned about the imminent publication of a book in which an American woman recounted her brief, horrific incarceration in a Turkish prison, Hill and Knowlton chairman Bob Gray called the woman, Gene LePere, to try to dissuade her from going ahead with the book. After the book appeared in 1988, Mankiewicz and Sukru Elekdag, the Turkish ambassador to the U.S., met with LePere to try to stop plans to turn the book into a made-for-television movie. The meeting went well until LePere and the ambassador rose to leave, whereupon a gun fell out of the ambassador's concealed shoulder holster. The ambassador hastened to explain that he carried the gun to protect himself from terrorists; the movie—entitled *Dark Holiday*—was filmed and broadcast nevertheless.

On the other hand, Hill and Knowlton's campaign for Kuwait was a successful, high-profile tour de force. The firm's work was so extensive that it angered a few legislators who now want to make it illegal for a foreign power to run a "war lobby." Mankiewicz says that all he and his firm did was "make Americans aware of the culture and traditions of Kuwait."

LAST MAY, ABC'S *PRIMETIME Live*, examining the claims of various human-rights groups, broadcast a report about how recruiters for the government of the Dominican Republic coax unemployed workers and homeless children across the border from Haiti by promising high-paying jobs. When the Haitians cross the border, ABC and the human-rights groups reported, they are captured by Dominican border guards and

immediately shipped to the sugar fields, where they are enslaved, more or less: Guards armed with shotguns stand by, and the workers put in 12-hour days cutting sugarcane for as little as $3.50 a week in food vouchers. Both children and adults are generally forbidden to leave the camps.

While it's hard to argue with a major news network's thoroughly vetted on-the-spot reportage, that's just what Tom Scanlon, an advocate for the Dominican Republic, is paid to do. "I don't believe it," he says as he is read the transcript of the ABC report. "Why enslave a 12-year-old to do a job he couldn't do?" Scanlon sounds sincere, even if he did receive a $30,000 retainer from the Dominican Sugar Council, according to a report in *Legal Times*. When pressed to explain the undeniable presence of preteen cane cutters in the ABC report, Scanlon says, "[The adult workers] just like to get up in the morning and bring their children with them to help out in the fields." With the help of lawyer Robert Johnson, Jose del Carmen Ariza, the Dominican ambassador to the U.S., concocted an even more preposterous denial: *ABC made it all up!* The network *hired* people to impersonate guards and frightened workers, the ambassador insisted in a letter to a House committee.

Scanlon and Johnson have together offered a rich tapestry of excuses, denials and window dressing to counter the human-rights groups' campaigns for reform. Their greatest achievement has been to persuade U.S. Trade Representative Carla Hills to deny a petition by one such rights group, Americas Watch, to cut back the Dominican Republic's export trade privileges. Hills was apparently persuaded by Dominican decrees that supposedly protect worker rights and require the deportation of underage Haitian workers. Rights groups say the decrees are routinely violated. Scanlon's response: "There's no way to please these guys. They're never satisfied."

Scanlon is entirely satisfied with his own work, though. "I'm helping the poor more than they are," he says of his critics. "I sleep perfectly well."

THE WELL-COMPENSATED FLACKS at Black, Manafort stand at the pinnacle of organizational apologism. Name a corrupt despot, and Black, Manafort will name the account: Ferdinand Marcos, $900,000 a year; the now deposed Somalian dictatorship, $450,000; the drug-linked Bahamian government, $800,000. The firm's involvement in the Bush and Reagan presidential campaigns allows it to promise—and sometimes deliver—special, executive-level rewards to its egregious clients. The partners, particularly Roger Stone, cultivate friendly relationships with reporters by generously supplying them with leaks and political gossip. And the schmoozing works. Once, when asked why he didn't expose the corruptions of the governments Stone represents, a well-known political reporter said of Stone, "He's too good a source."

Sometimes Black, Manafort's willingness to bend U.S. foreign policy to suit its needs is so great that it doesn't mind running roughshod over the people its client supposedly represents. For $600,000 a year since 1985, the firm has represented Angola's thuggish Jonas Savimbi, an alleged witch burner, and his guerrilla group UNITA, helping promulgate his "freedom fighter" image and persuading Congress to approve more than $230-million in covert aid to Savimbi's rebel forces. The cease-fire arranged in Angola last year threatens to reduce UNITA's need for the heavy-duty lobbying that Black, Manafort has been providing. One former government official believes that the firm's hawkish congressional lobbying for more military aid slowed down the process by which the cease-fire was achieved. "Black, Manafort played an important part in keeping the Angolan war going," he says. It did so by forging a coalition of ultraconservative Republicans, anti-Castro Cuban Americans and moderate Democrats who wanted to appear tough on Communism. A conservative congressional aide sympathetic to UNITA charges, "Clearly, Savimbi wanted peace negotiations for a longer time than Black, Manafort wanted negotiations." The lobbyists, he speculates, made it clear to Savimbi that he would lose right-wing support in Congress if he made too many concessions to Angola's Marxists. Another Republican staff member says of Black, Manafort, "Their view is, 'To hell with the facts, fuck the world.'"

One of George Bush's very first foreign-policy acts was to send a letter when he was president-elect to Savimbi in which he promised continued U.S. support for the rebels—this at a time when hopes for brokering a peace settlement were especially high. The letter was drafted by a member of UNITA's public-relations team, ex–Black, Manafort vice president Chris Lehman, a former National Security Council staff member, who used his White House contacts to help get the military commitment renewed. In Washington, Lehman and Black, Manafort's triumph was more awe-inspiring than Savimbi's. As a rival lobbyist said in the *National Journal*, "How much value do you put on a letter like the one to Savimbi? Is it worth a million dollars? Of course it is!"

So the war lasted another two years and claimed a few thousand more lives! So what? What counts to a Washington lobbyist is the ability to deliver a tangible victory and spruce up his client's image. Joseph Blatchford, the defender of El Salvador, understands this. He chuckles derisively as he holds a press release from Americas Watch describing the human-rights situation in El Salvador as "precarious."

"Precarious?" he says. "Hey, I don't have to worry about that. Either people have been killed or they haven't been."

Rentas/*New York Post* (carver); Ted Wood/Picture Group (sheep head); David Ellis/Retna (Anderson); Millicent Harvey (Bly); Photofest (Williams); Culver Pictures (armor).

Page 47: Gamma-Liaison (Newton in concert); Photofest (Newton with Ball); Michael Ochs Archive (Newton with guitar).

Page 51: Albert Ferreira/DMI (Newton).

Page 54: Rick Bloom/*National Journal* (Neill); Sygma (Doe); David Berkwitz/ Sipa Press (Hussein); Erlami Rad/ Gamma-Liaison (Ceausescu).

Page 56: Photofest (Nazi).

Page 58: AP/Wide World Photos (Stone, Manafort); UPI/Bettmann Newsphotos (Blatchford); C. Francois-Figaro/Gamma-Liaison (Savimbi); Francois-Laurent/ Figaro/Gamma Liaison (Mobutu); Bleibtreu/Sygma (Serrano).

Page 62: Photofest (*GoodFellas*).

Pages 64–65: Ron LaBrecque (Hill).

Pages 76–77: Robin Platzer (Ross, Trump, Mizrahi, Klein, Wenner); Marina Garnier (Stallone, Smith, Haden-Guest, Cavett); Savignano/Galella, Ltd. (Streisand); Smeal/Galella, Ltd. (Conrad); Ron Galella, Ltd. (Tisch).

Page 78: Kelly Jordan/Galella, Ltd. (Brinkley); Robin Platzer (Greene, Lauren); Albert Ortega/Galella, Ltd. (Bernsen); Marina Garnier (Miller).

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frequent laugh, Hill describes the difficult "lifestyle change" he has been going through involving drugs and alcohol (one producer who knows Hill thinks he has been at the Betty Ford Clinic). "I was grateful for what [the government] did," he says. "I kept screwing up....I've been trying to be straight ever since 1980, when I went into the program."

Hill's live-in girlfriend and the mother of his youngest child gets on the phone. Like a number of people interviewed for this story, she asked that her name not be used, since the mob may still be trying to whack her boyfriend. We'll call her Betty. (Here at SPY we have absolutely, positively no idea where Hill lives. Honest.)

Hill met Betty six years ago. They lead a sedate life, cooking, clipping coupons and moving at least once a year. "I think he's happy. I think he is. Yeah," she says.



Not completely happy. Having become a household name with the success of *Wiseguy* and *GoodFellas*, Hill is the rare celebrity who can't fully enjoy his

BIT PART IN

fame. For him, the agonizing push-pull of being both publicity-hungry and in seclusion is like living some modern-day Greek myth [see "The Publicity Whore in Hiding," page 68]. "It is immensely hard for him," says Betty. "He can't run around and tell everybody. And everyone else made a lot of money."

Hill has been dealing with some version of identity crisis since he enlisted in the witness-protection program. He and his family joined more than 13,000 people who have received a government make-over to date (new identity, $1,500 a month, job-placement assistance). The program is so popular that such cities as Atlanta, San Francisco and San Diego are not available for relocation, because they are already flush with renegade wise guys. In the movie, Hill tells the prosecutor who brokered the deal, "I asked you once and I'm gonna tell you again, I don't want to go anyplace that's cold." In real life, the Marshals obliged. The Hills were sent to Oklahoma.

The couple, who were *re*located to Tennessee, then Seattle, were divorced in 1989. Karen Hill recently sold her life story to *Penthouse* (splitting the $10,000 fee with her lawyer, Raoul Felder), to whom she explained that the Hills, accustomed to measuring money in inches, couldn't get by on the measly government stipend. And even though Hill had sold his life story to Simon & Schuster, and the book became a best-seller and was turned into the Oscar-nominated *GoodFellas*, he received only $96,000 of the money owed him from the deal, the rest having been held up by New York's "Son of Sam" law, which mandated that any profits from criminal activity go to the criminal's victims or their families. In response to a challenge by Simon & Schuster based on Hill's case, the Supreme Court overturned the law in mid-December, saying it was unconstitutional. Even so, Hill's not a rich man. "The lawyers told me not to pick out the color of my new Porsche yet. I won't be able to get one anyway, once Karen [Hill] gets her end and the lawyers get their end," he says, sounding

AWAKENINGS

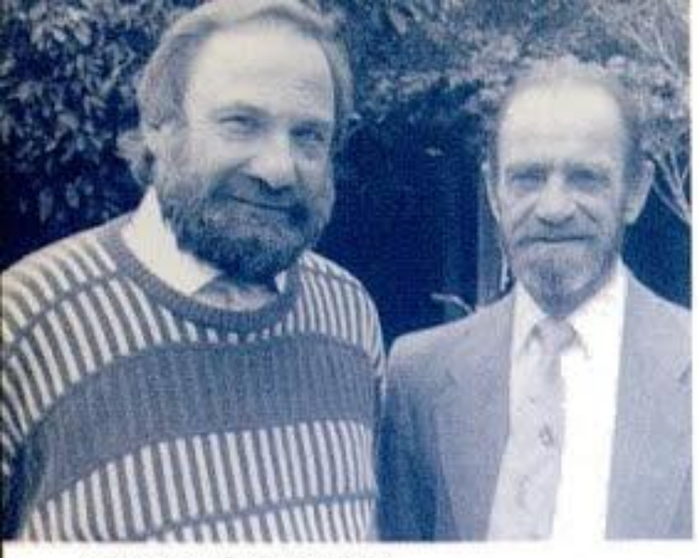
like someone talking about the spoils of a heist.

In the meantime, Hill needed spending money. Consequently, the "everything is a scheme" philosophy articulated by Hill in *Wiseguy* continued to manifest itself. There were small, innocuous deals; after Robert De Niro spent hours on the phone with Hill researching his *GoodFellas* character, the actor told Hill to let him know if he ever needed anything. To Hill this isn't just a polite form of speech. He called in the chit soon after, and De Niro got Hill's daughter, an aspiring actress, a bit part in *Awakenings*.

A *CURRENT AFFAIR* made Hill an offer he couldn't refuse—an appearance on national television with his girlfriend (and partner in low-tech disguise).

But there were more-serious scams as well. To make it easier for himself to talk to prosecutors around the country, he got the government to give him a credit card—*a credit card to a wise guy.* The authorities should have read Pileggi's book. In the index of *Wiseguy*, under "Hill, Henry," are five references to stolen-credit-card rackets. True to form, Hill gave the government's card to someone who used it to set up a drug deal in Lima, Peru. "The guy overheard me using the number. That's

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THE SMITH BROTHERS?
No, just Hill and his drug counselor, Jim Robinson, with whom he has set up a toll-free antidrug hotline—not, for once, for profit.

how it went down," says Hill. Besides, he adds, "I think he was just calling friends down there."

When Hill entered the witness-protection program, the U.S. Marshals gave him some simple advice: *Don't do drugs.* Practically the first thing Hill did was scam a prescription for Quaaludes.

For a while, Hill went from city to city, testifying and looking for something decent to eat. He came to New York eight or nine times a year, all expenses paid. People in the Marshals office say he often seemed drunk. He once walked into the Brooklyn office of the head of the Organized Crime Strike Force and vomited in his trash can.

At the grungy Strike Force offices, Hill discovered his storytelling abilities. He became a star witness, testifying in more than 20 trials against mobsters involved in everything from murder to drugs to fixing college basketball games, and providing information for more than 50 wiretaps.

Hill loved being a celebrity. In 1987 he was busted for dealing cocaine. Confronted by police, Hill reportedly said, "Don't you know who I am? I'm Henry Hill—the wise guy." Unfazed, they arrested him. As part of his cooperation deal with the government, however, Hill had a get-out-of-jail-free card—namely, the part of his agreement that read, "It is understood that in the event that you are prosecuted by any other law-enforcement authorities, this office will bring to the attention of the prosecuting authorities the cooperation which you furnished in connection with this agreement." The Feds sent a letter to the judge, who gave Hill probation, a fine and time in drug rehab. He was, however, kicked out of the witness-protection program.

But by that time, Hill had started working on another angle. With the success of *Wiseguy*, he started hawking a *Wiseguy* sequel. Unfortunately for him, neither Pileggi nor Simon & Schuster was interested. Hill next tried his luck with a fledgling writer in the Midwest, Robert Sberna. Hill convinced Sberna, a boyfriend of one of his daughters, that he still had really good stuff about movie stars and other celebrities with mob connections. *Good stuff.* The stuff that must have been just too good to bother with in the first book.

Sberna spent 12 months on the project, writing a proposal and coming to New York to interview prosecutors. There was no interest from publishers, and Sberna became bitter, in no small measure because he was dipping into his own pocket from time to time to help out his source. In all, Sberna says, he spent $10,000 on Hill before coming to his senses. How much of that was in loans to Hill? "I'm not telling," says Sberna. "It's too embarrassing."

Hill has substituted "No comment" for *omertà*, the Mafia's code of silence. He has no desire to rehash his unsuccessful collaboration with Sberna or his ex-wife's story in *Penthouse* beyond calling the latter "a cheap shot." And Hill makes light of *My Blue Heaven*, the not very flattering movie that Nick Pileggi's wife, Nora Ephron, wrote about a goofball mobster in the witness-protection program. Hill did not get a cut. "It was fun," he says. "There is nothing to discuss. We're friends."

"I MET WITH DONNA MILLS," SAYS HILL. "SHE'S INTER

ONE MORNING AT SEVEN-THIRTY, FORMER *Newsweek* writer Ron LaBrecque was awakened by the phone ringing in his southern California home. The author of several well-received investigative books, LaBrecque was startled by the voice on the line, the voice that did not say hello but asked gruffly, "Did you see *GoodFellas?*" LaBrecque was intrigued. Hill had found a new partner.

LaBrecque is clear-sighted about his new collaborator and is planning to write a book that shows what the postmob Henry Hill is really like, a story he admits is not as sexy as the original. "The proposal is about Hill's struggle to survive, to live a straight life without scamming," says LaBrecque, whose agent at Scott Meredith is still shopping the project around to publishers. In LaBrecque's view, Hill is striving to construct the internal gyroscope that in most people provides a sense of right and wrong. Pileggi, on the other hand, does not have much compassion for Hill's wrestling matches with morality. "It's better than being dead," says Pileggi. The work-ethic thing also seems to have passed Hill right by. "He doesn't understand the concept," says LaBrecque. "It's not a part of his character. He is incapable of having a job."

Fortunately, those who cannot hold down a job can always go to Hollywood, a place where it is hard to tell the difference between a con and a pitch. Hill is a storyteller with a sense of time and place, and as Pileggi has noted, he maintains a

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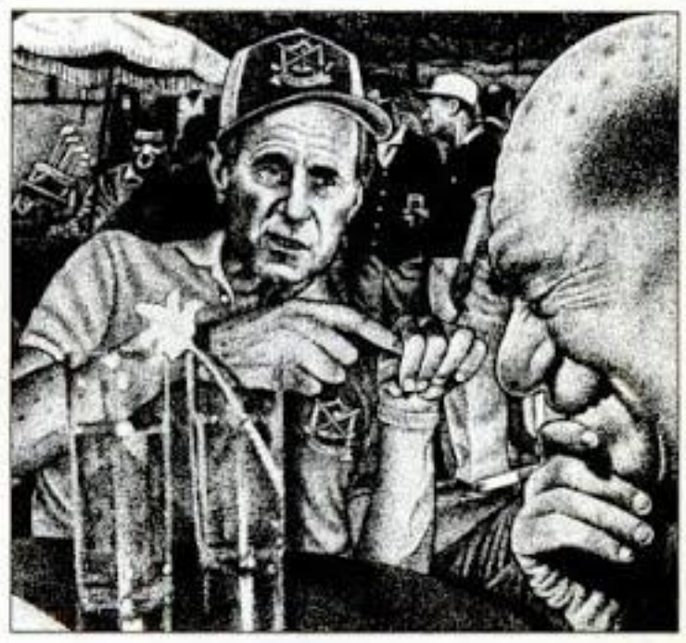
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Strained Bedfellows

Mailer and Beatty; Vonnegut and the London *Times*; Harold Brodkey and the Paper of Record

by Humphrey Greddon

It's a funny thing, but sometimes an author's more incidental writings are greater achievements than his or her very long, very ambitious works: No one reads Gore Vidal's novels anymore, but his rants will seemingly live forever. The sometimes paradoxical relationship between slightness and distinction naturally comes to mind when one must choose between reading Vidal-nemesis Norman Mailer's 381,000-word new book, *Harlot's Ghost*, and reading his profile of Warren Beatty in *Vanity Fair*. One has to ask oneself if, instead of opening Mailer's provocative two-pound account of the CIA and America and being and everythingness, one wouldn't—paradoxically—have a more profound literary experience by taking 15 minutes to read his article on a glamorous Hollywood star, a bit of minor journalism that could well turn out to be a masterpiece in its own way. It's really a very tough decision....

In Norman Mailer's profile of Warren Beatty in *Vanity Fair*, the novelist and the actor beautifully please and complement each other: The he-man of letters gets to buddy up to a priapic movie icon; the pretty boy is massively flattered by a New York intellectual. (By the way, was there an important New York culture editor whom Warren did *not* take to dinner last fall?) More than this, Mailer and Beatty experience the incredible satisfaction that only mutually great publicity can bring, for, of course, *Harlot's Ghost* was in bookstores and *Bugsy* near release when the conversation was published; the interview is sort of a cultural Beauty-and-the-Beast story brokered by press agents. As Mailer tells us with typical egomaniacal windbaggery, the two are well matched: "Over a few nights of conversation, they [Beatty and Mailer—he naturally uses the Mailerian third person] have been exploring the unfamiliar condition of discovering an equal with whom it is possible that a new and agreeable relation can be formed....Distrust of equals is, after all, one of the costs of celebrity." He concedes that the actor is more famous than he but also says that "if it came down to who respected the other's mind a little more, Warren might hold the door for Norman." The high point of the story is Mailer's suggestion that Beatty run for president. Like any good interlocutor, Mailer does not let this subject die with one burst of shameless obsequiousness, but keeps on it steadily. Beatty demurs and demurs, prolonging the process, until he finally says at the interview's very end (right after, as Mailer notes, "there is a long moment in which the actor stares at

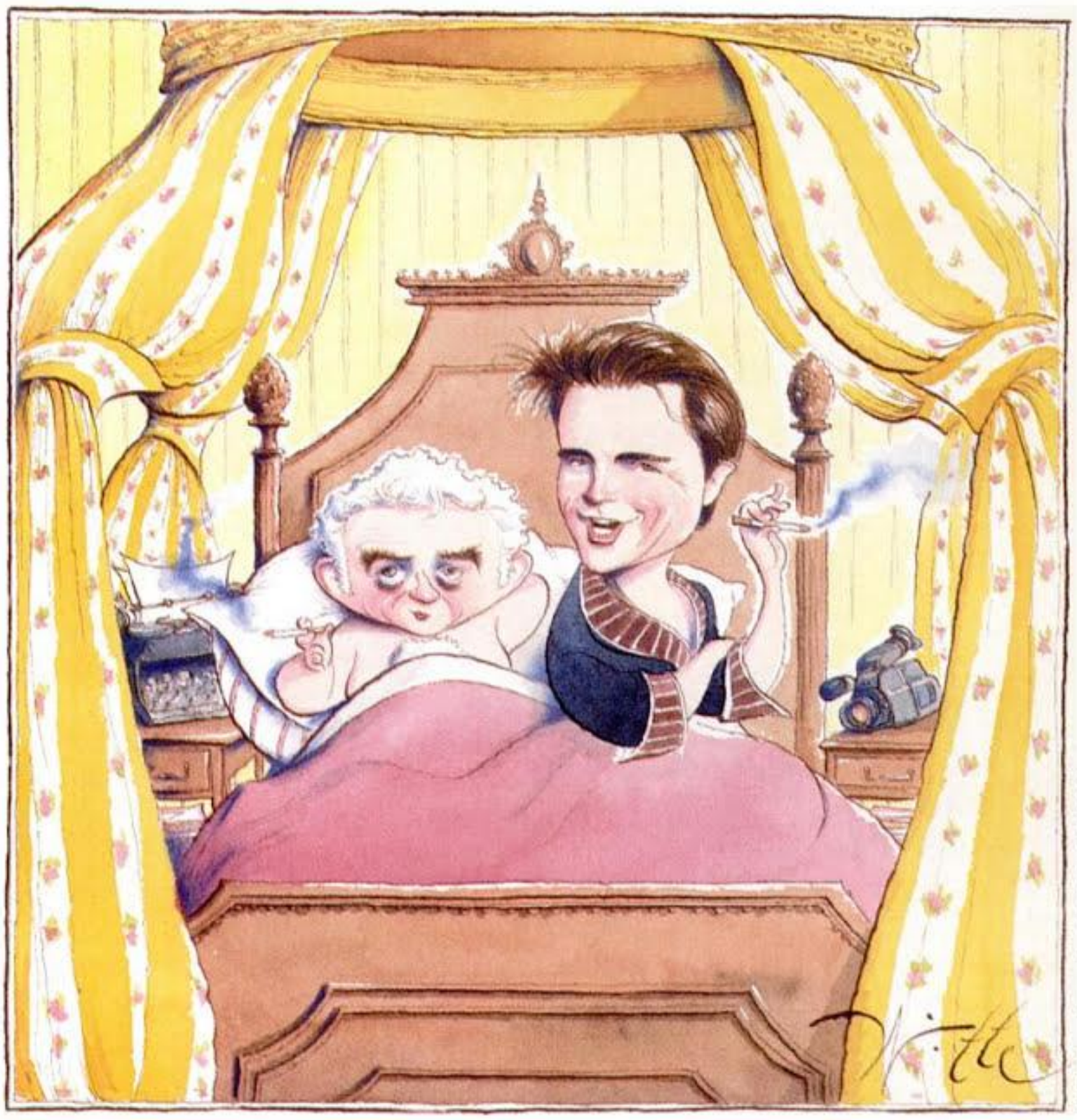


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Investigation

Just Say "Please"

One Doctor Helps You Feel Good the Easy Way—All You Have to Do Is Ask

by John Connolly

They don't make Dr. Feelgoods like they used to. In the 1960s and '70s, you could find expensive physicians in fancy Manhattan offices who would happily inject you with huge doses of speed and other pleasure-inducing drugs just for the fun of it. They were very popular with society swells, rock musicians, spoiled rich kids and so on. Unfortunately, the authorities eventually put these doctors out of business.

Right now there is a doctor in Manhattan, Dr. Joseph Greenberg, an endocrinologist, who will give you stimulants without any conventional medical justification, but he works out of a pretty seedy building next door to the Hard Rock Cafe. Careful to stay just on the right side of the law, he doesn't prescribe schedule-II controlled substances (drugs that carry more severe penalties for illegal use, like amphetamine); he only prescribes less addictive, schedule-IV controlled substances. If in some ways Dr. Greenberg is a disappointment when compared with his predecessors, he does share one thing with them—an impressive client list. Have you ever wondered why Donald Trump has acted so erratically at times, full of manic energy, paranoid, garrulous? Well, he was a patient of Dr. Greenberg's from 1982 to 1985. His brother Robert was a patient from 1983 to 1985. Things (society doctors, drug use, the Trumps) aren't what they used to be, but when it comes to feeding stimulants to rich people, Dr. Greenberg does the best he can.

Dr. Greenberg diagnosed both of the Trump brothers as suffering from a "metabolic imbalance." Interestingly enough, a perfectly healthy reporter for this magazine who saw Dr. Greenberg was told that she *also* had a metabolic imbalance. Dr. Xavier Pi-Sunyer, the director of Endocrinology, Diabetics and Nutrition at St. Luke's/Roosevelt Hospital, told SPY that "metabolic imbalance is really a meaningless diagnosis." We wanted to know how, exactly, one cared for patients with this malady, and so we sent our Aimée Bell on a number of visits to Dr. Greenberg. He treated her by prescribing lots of drugs, regardless of their possible side effects, writing absurdities on her chart and charging lots of money.

When Bell called Dr. Greenberg's office for an appointment, among the first questions asked of her was, "Who referred you?" Bell gave the name of a journalist who had told SPY that years ago he'd seen Dr. Greenberg. This was very important; the reference would be entered alongside Bell's name on her file. The receptionist went on to ask Bell's address, age and other particulars, to make some appointments and to tell her to bring a check for $500 at the time of the first visit. One question she didn't ask was why Bell wanted to see the doctor—nothing at all about aches or pains or problems or symptoms.

Dr. Greenberg's office is on the second floor of 225 West 57th Street, next to a printing company. Antlers and deer heads are on the waiting-room walls, and the legs of one table seem to be made of antlers or tusks—perfect for a clientele of thin, attractive professional women about 35–55 years old. On Bell's first visit a nurse explained that the $500 covered the first three visits; subsequent visits would be $150 apiece. Bell was taken into a small examining room by a technician who weighed her, drew blood and asked if she was on any medication. Bell took an iodine pill, and the following day the technician gave her a thyroid scan. No one asked her why she was there.

Two days later Bell finally met Dr. Greenberg. He was short and round, bald and in his sixties. After a general review of Bell's health during which Bell, who is of medium height and slender, never said anything about her weight, Greenberg asked her, "Now, this weight, would you guess that it's the heaviest you've been?" Bell replied, "Well, I wouldn't mind being a little lighter...." Dr. Greenberg then launched into a long prepared speech about fat, the improper distribution of fat, fat conversion and so on. Bell was taken into a small room off of Dr. Greenberg's private office. After a long wait the doctor came in and, with no word of explanation, wiped Bell's underarms with a tissue, then put it in the pocket of his lab coat. He instructed her to lie down and examined her stomach. That was it. Back in his office, he handed her four prescriptions and a sheet of paper with a low-fat meat-and-vegetable diet typed on it. He told her she should *not* do any exercise. When Bell asked him whether he had killed any of the trophy animals on display, he replied, "No, I just collect them."

Bell left Greenberg's office with the prescriptions and with instructions to return in two weeks. Dr.

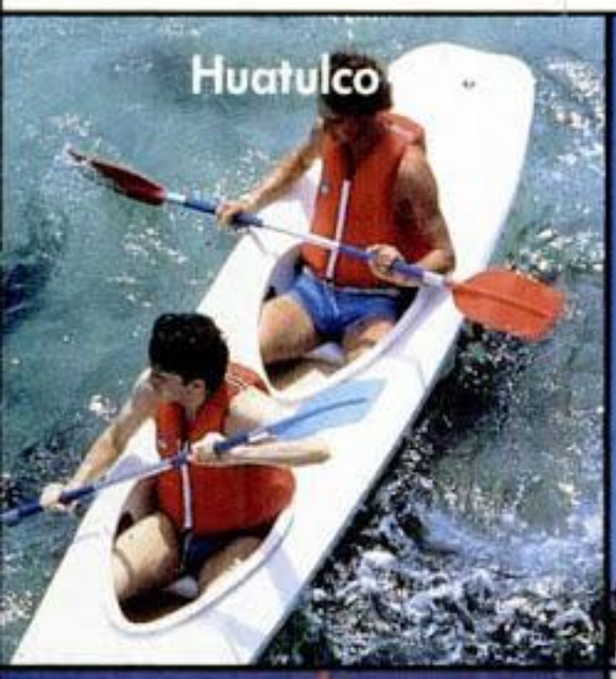
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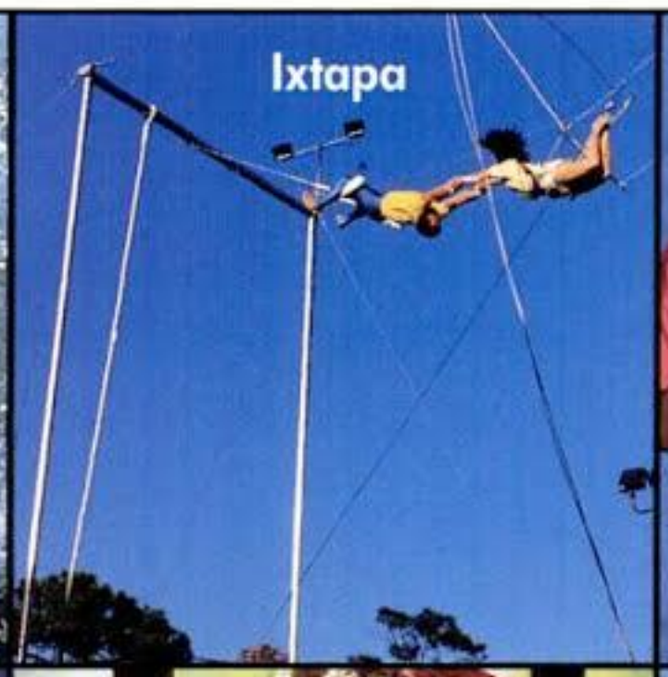
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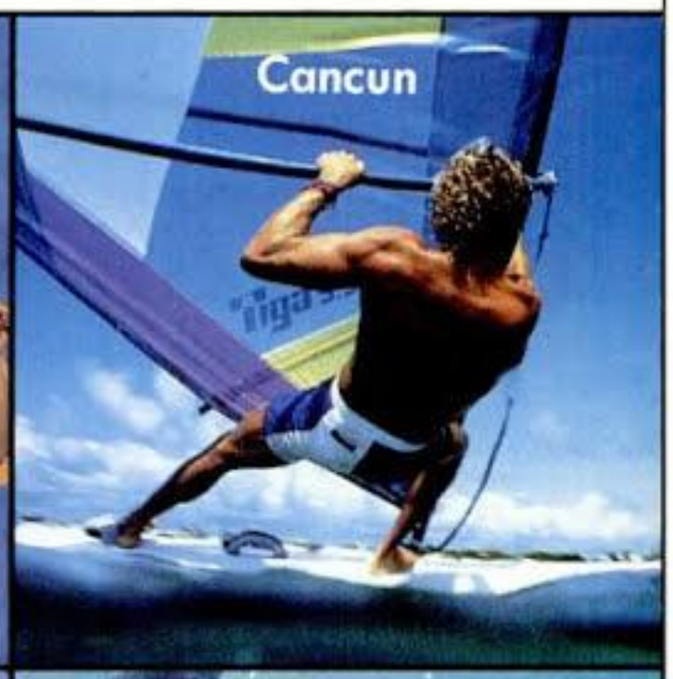
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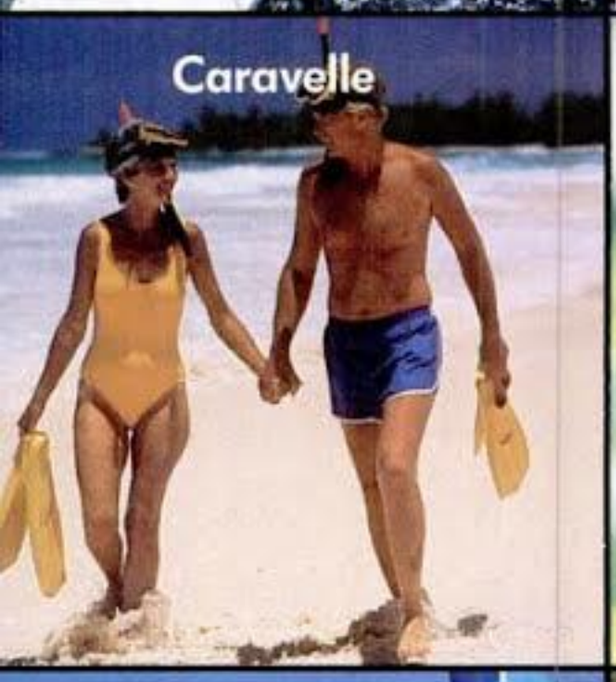
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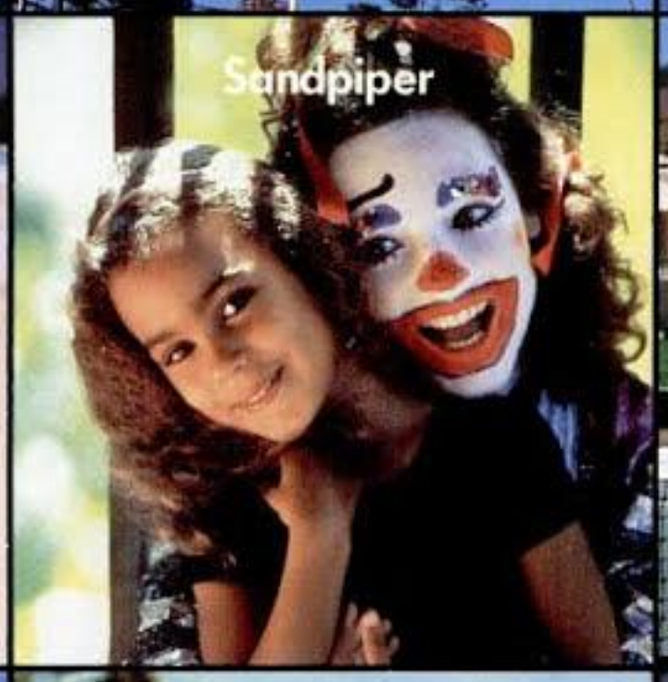


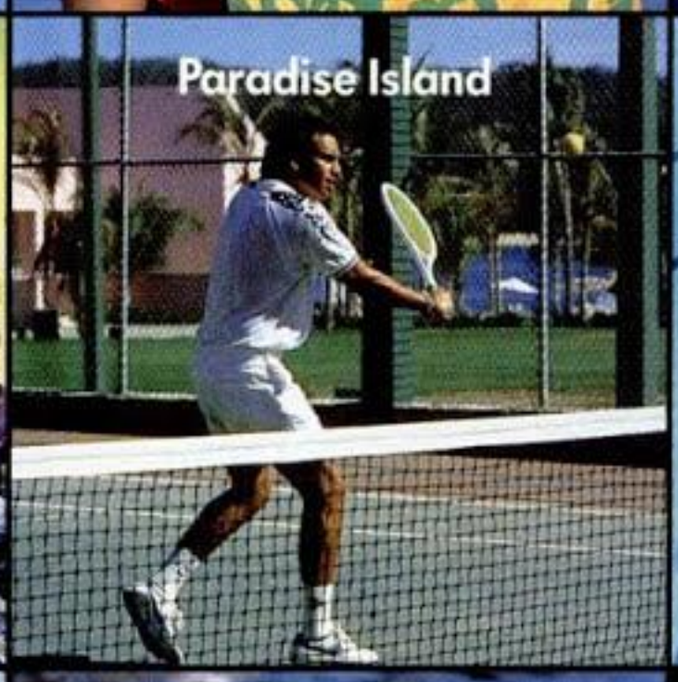


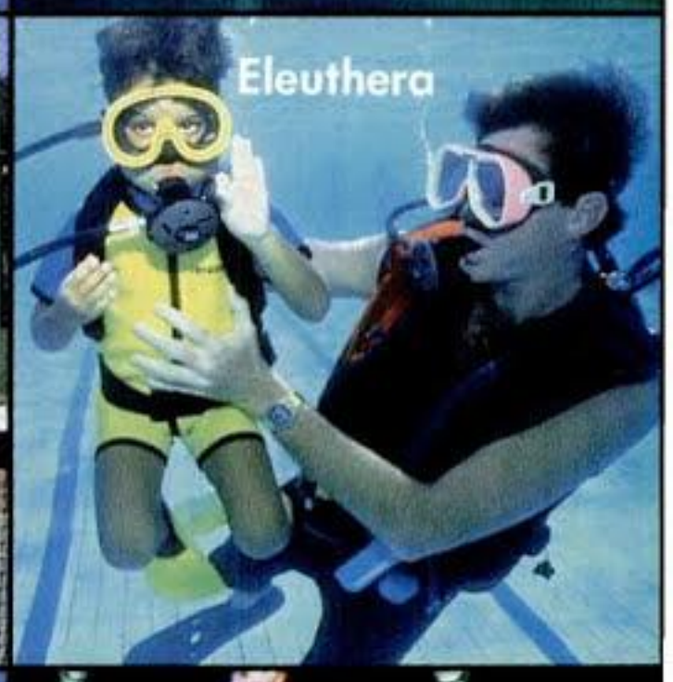


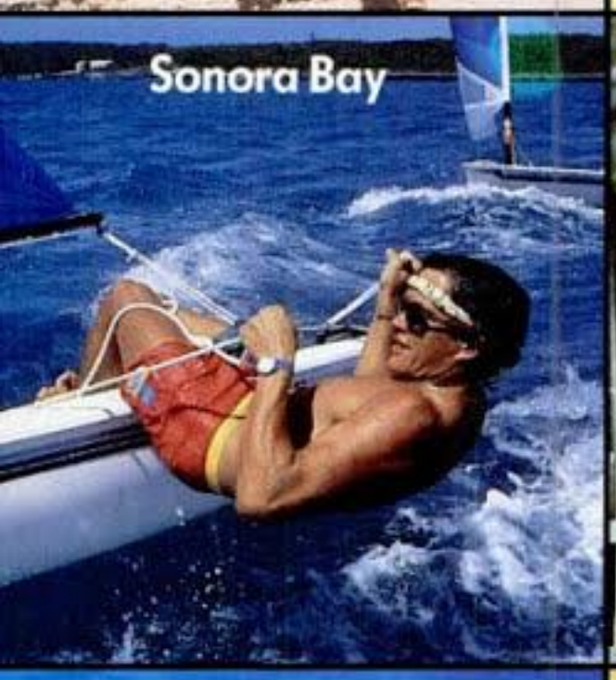




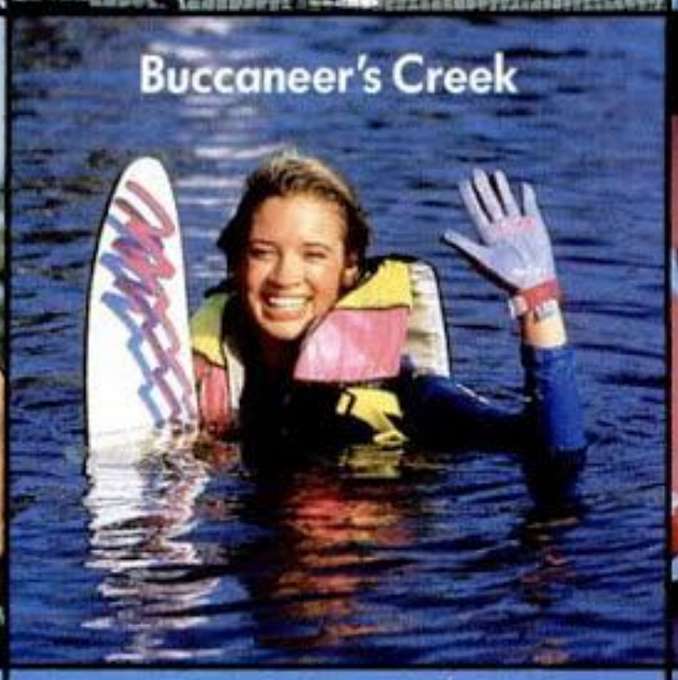


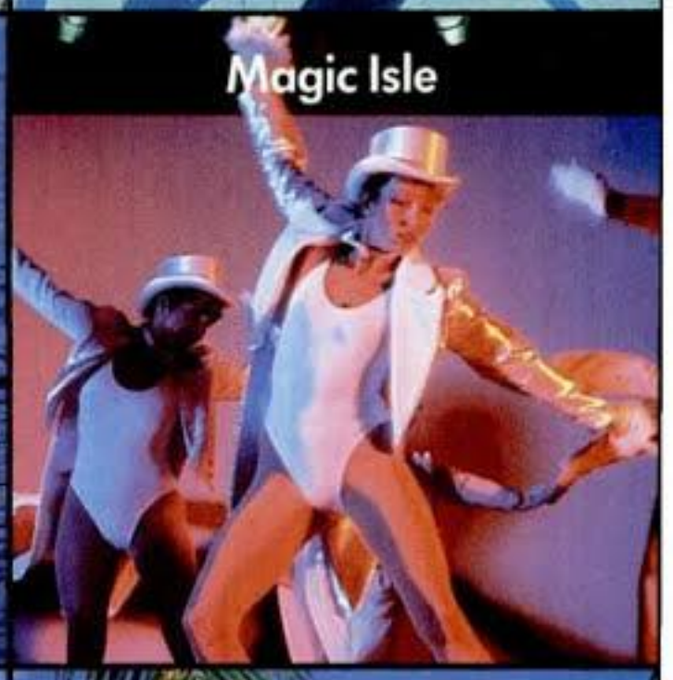


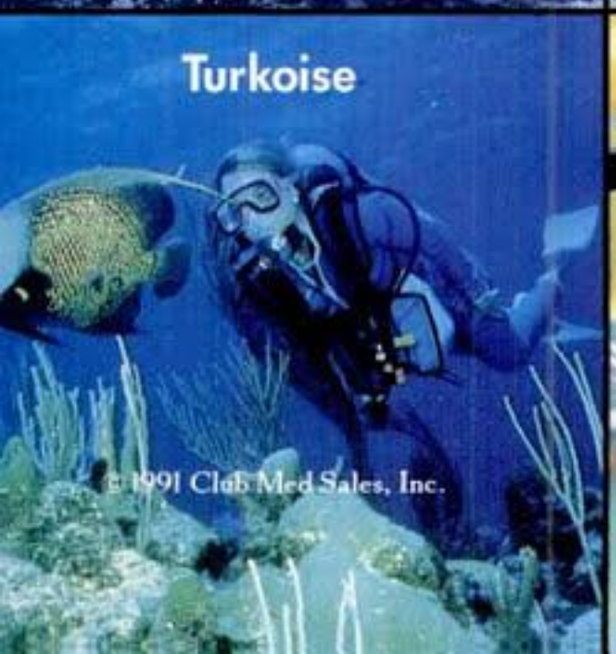


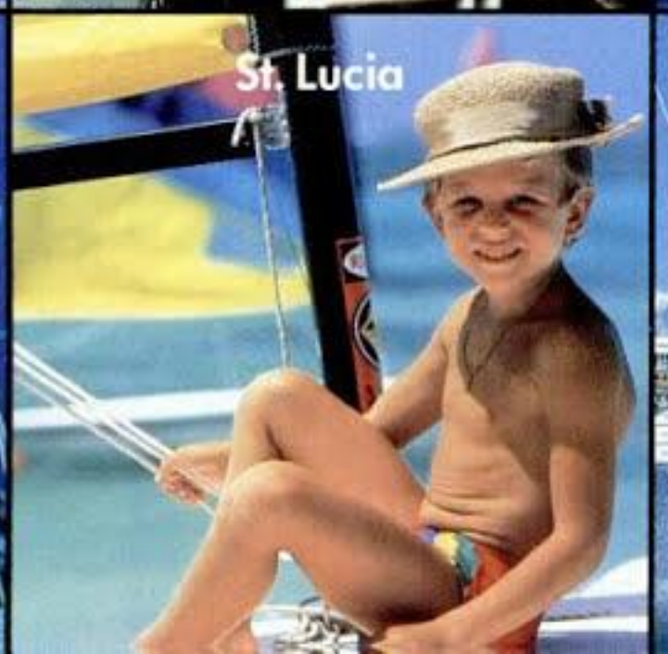


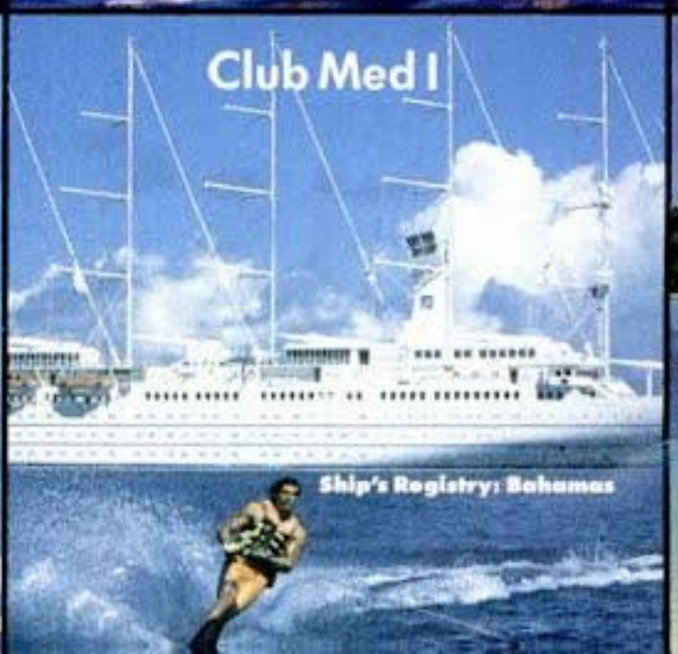


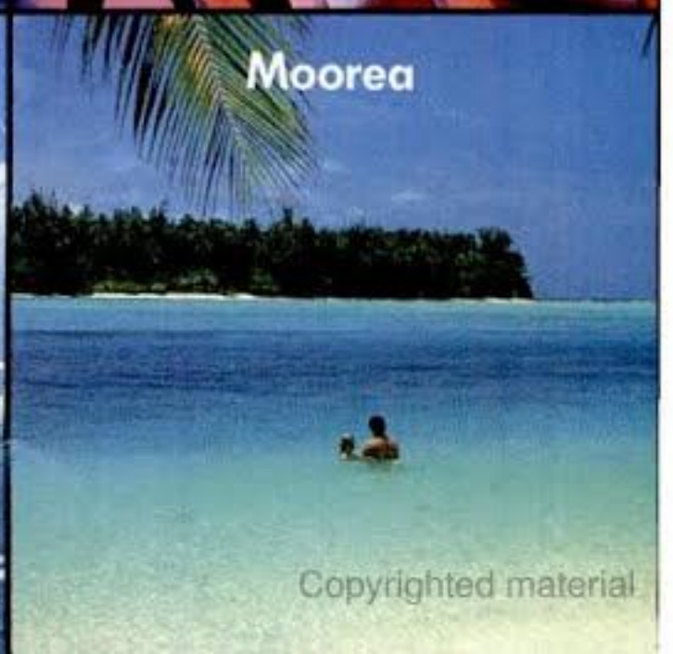


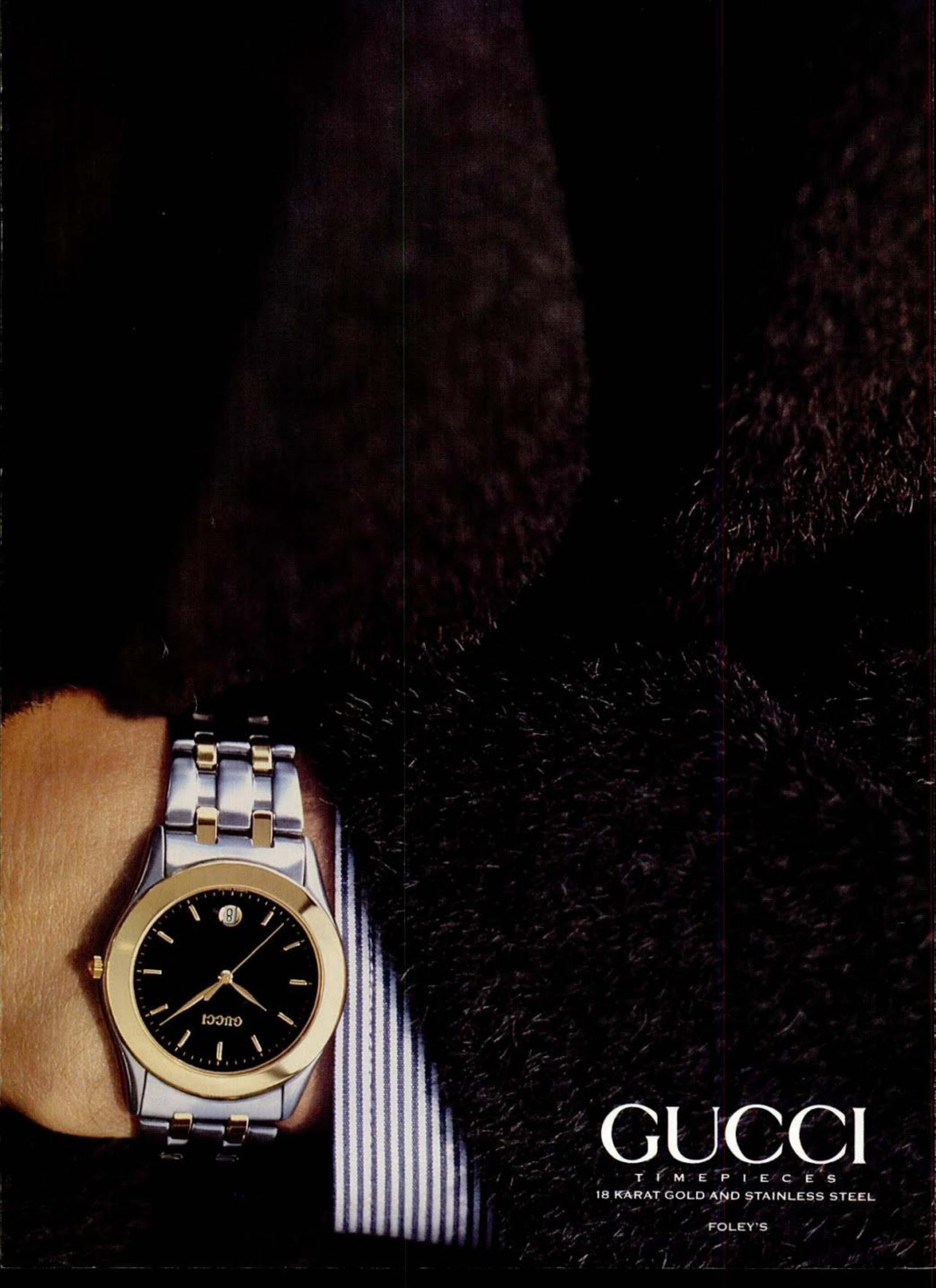











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